



FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.  
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO  
THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB  
4688

Division

Section

William Conant

his Psalter-Book

D. 10  
Mc

Orregwallen

W. H. H.

THE MAY 1 1936

P S A L M S

OF

D A V I D,

Imitated in the  
Language of the New Testament,  
And applied to the  
Christian STATE and WORSHIP.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

The THIRTY-SEVENTH EDITION.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written in-----the Psalms concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32. *David, Samuel, and the Prophets. Ver. 40.----That they without us should not be made perfect.*

B O S T O N :

Printed and Sold by JOHN BOYLES in Marlborough-Street. 1774.



T H E  
P S A L M S  
O F  
D A V I D,

Imitated in the  
Language of the New Testament.

---

P S A L M I. Common Metre.

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet ;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat :

2 But in the statutes of the Lord,  
Has plac'd his chief delight ;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.

[ 3 He like a plant of generous kind  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,  
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf and ever fair,  
Shall his profession shine ;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.

- 5 Not so the impious and unjust ;  
 What vain designs they form !  
 Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
 Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
 Amongst the sons of grace,  
 When CHRIST the judge at his right hand  
 Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
 His heart approves it well ;  
 But crooked ways of sinners lead  
 Down to the gates of hell.

## P S A L M I. Short Metre.

*The saint happy, the sinner miserable.*

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest  
 Who shuns the sinner's ways,  
 Among their counsels never stands,  
 Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God  
 His study and delight,  
 Amidst the labours of the day,  
 And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
 With waters near the root :  
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;  
 His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,  
 They no such blessings find :  
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
 Before that judgment-seat,  
 Where all the saints at CHRIST's right hand,  
 In full assembly meet ?

- 6 He knows and he approves  
 The way the righteous go ;  
 But sinners and their works shall meet  
 A dreadful overthrow.

## P S A L M I. Long Metre.

*The difference between the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet  
 Shuns the broad way that sinners go,  
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,  
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light  
 Amongst the statutes of the LORD ;  
 And spends the wakeful hours of night,  
 With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
 Shall flourish in immortal green ;  
 And heav'n will shine with kindest beams  
 On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels crost ;  
 As chaff before the tempest flies ;  
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,  
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebels seek to stand  
 In judgment with the pious race ;  
 The dreadful Judge with stern command  
 Divides them to a diff'rent place.
- 6 " Straight is the way my saints have trod,  
 " I blest'd the path and drew it plain ;  
 " But you would chuse the crooked road,  
 " And down it leads to endless pain."

## P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the divine pattern.

*Acts* iv. 24, &c.

CHRIST'S *dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.*

[1 **M**AKER and sov'reign LORD  
Of heaven, and earth and seas,  
Thy providence confirms thy word,  
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold  
By *David* are fulfill'd,  
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay  
JESUS, thine holy Child.]

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,  
And *Jews* with one accord  
Bend all their counsels to destroy  
Th' anointed of the LORD ?

4 Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design ;  
Against the LORD their pow'rs unite  
Against his CHRIST they join,

5 The LORD derides their rage,  
And will support his throne.  
He that hath rais'd him from the dead  
Hath own'd him for his Son.

P A U S E.

6 Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth ;  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and GOD bestows  
A large inheritance ;  
Far as the world's remotest ends  
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel  
Must feel his iron rod ;  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which he receiv'd from God.

[9 Be wise ye rulers, now,  
And worship at his throne ;  
With trembling joy, ye people, bow  
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,  
Ye perish on the place ;  
Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.]

## P S A L M II. Common Metre.

1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
The LORD's anointed Son ;  
Why did they cast his laws away,  
And tread his gospel down ?

2 The LORD that sits above the skies  
Derides their rage below,  
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes  
And strikes his spirits through.

3 " I call him my eternal Son,  
" And raise him from the dead ;  
" I make my holy hill his throne,  
" And wide his kingdom spread.

4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
" The utmost *Heathen* lands :  
" Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
" The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise ye rulers of the earth,  
Obey th' anointed LORD,  
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne  
 For if he frown ye die :  
 Those are secure, and those alone,  
 Who on his grace rely.

P S A L M II. Long Metre.

CHRIST'S death, resurrection, and ascension.

- 1 **W**HY did the *Jews* proclaim their rage  
 The *Romans* why their swords employ  
 Against the LORD their pow'rs engage  
 His dear anointed to destroy ?
- 2 " Come, let us break his bands, they say,  
 " This man shall never give us laws,"  
 And thus they cast his yoke away,  
 And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.
- 3 But GOD, who high in glory reigns,  
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls  
 He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,  
 And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 " I will maintain the King I made  
 " On *Zion's* everlasting hill ;  
 " My hand shall bring him from the dead,  
 " And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."
- [5 His wond'rous rising from the earth  
 Makes his eternal God-head known ;  
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth,  
 " This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,  
 " There thou shalt ask, and I bestow  
 " The utmost bounds of *Heathen* lands  
 " To thee the *Northern* isles shall bow."
- 7 But nations that resist his grace  
 Shall fall beneath his iron stroke ;  
 His rod shall crush his foes with ease,  
 As potters earthen work is broke.

## P A U S E.

- 8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,  
Be wise, and serve the Lord the Lamb :  
Now to his feet submit your crowns,  
Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,  
Lest he grow angry, and ye die ;  
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,  
If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell ;  
He is a God, and ye but dust,  
Happy the souls that know him well,  
And make his grace their only trust.

## P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and fears suppress'd ; or, GOD our De-  
fence from sin and Satan.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, how many are my fears !  
How fast my foes increase,  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade  
There's no relief in heav'n ;  
And all my swelling sins appear  
Too big to be forgiv'n.
- 3 But thou my glory and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread ;  
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.
- [4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill  
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;  
I call'd my Father, and my God,  
And he subdu'd my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes,

I 'woke and wonder'd at the grace  
That guarded my repose.]

6 What tho' the host of death and hell  
All arm'd against me stood,  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;  
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,  
While I thy glory sing :  
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,  
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the LORD belongs,  
His arm alone can save :  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

*A Morning Psalm.*

1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes,  
In this weak state of flesh and blood !  
My peace they daily discompose,  
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,  
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry :  
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,  
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure :  
Not death should make my heart afraid,  
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;  
Salvation doth to God belong :  
He rais'd my head to see the light,  
And make his praise my morning song.

## P A U S E.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine  
To tempt my feet astray ;  
They flatter with a base design,  
To make my soul their prey.
- 7 LORD crush the serpent in the dust,  
And all his plots destroy ;  
While they that in thy mercy trust,  
For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name,  
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor as a shield.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

*Complaint in sickness ; or, diseases healed.*

- 1 **I**N anger Lord rebuke me not,  
Withdraw the dreadful storm ;  
Nor let thy fury grow so hot  
Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,  
My flesh with pain oppress'd :  
My couch is witness to my tears,  
My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ;  
I waste the night with cries,  
Counting the minutes as they pass,  
'Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more ?  
Mine eye consum'd with grief ?  
How long, my God, how long, before  
Thy hand afford relief ?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,  
He pities all our groans,  
He saves us for his mercy's sake,  
And heals our broken bones.

- 14 P S A L M VI.  
6 The virtue of his sov'reign word  
Restores our fainting breath ;  
For silent graves praise not the LORD,  
Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.  
*Temptations in sickness overcome.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,  
When thou with kindness dost chastise.  
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,  
O let it not against me rise !
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,  
And ease the sorrows that I feel ;  
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,  
O let thy gentler touches heal ?
- 3 See how I pass my weary days  
In sighs and groans ; and when 'tis night,  
My bed is water'd with my tears ;  
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn !  
How long, almighty God, how long ?  
When shall thine hour of grace return ?  
When shall I make thy grace my song ?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,  
My thoughts are tempted to despair :  
But graves can never praise the LORD,  
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart ye tempters from my soul ;  
And all despairing thoughts depart ;  
My God, who hears my humble moan,  
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.  
*God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.*

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly Friend,  
My hope in thee, my God :

Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they  
My soul in pieces tear,  
As hungry lions rend the prey  
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,  
Or once abus'd my foe,  
Then let him tread my life to dust,  
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,  
I know thy piercing eyes ;  
I should not dare appeal to thee,  
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,  
Their pride and power controul ;  
Awake to judgment and command  
Deliv'rance for my soul.

## P A U S E.

[6 Let sinners and their wicked rage,  
Be humbled to the dust,  
Shall not the God of truth engage  
To vindicate the just ?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins ;  
He will defend th' upright ;  
His sharpest arrows he ordains  
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,  
But there themselves are cast ;  
My God makes all their mischief light  
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race,  
Must feel his dreadful sword :  
Awake my soul, and praise the grace  
And justice of the LORD.

# PSALM VIII.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

*GOD's sovereignty and goodness ; and man's dominion over the creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly king,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high  
I raise my wond'ring eyes,  
And see the moon compleat in light  
Adorn the darksome skies.
- 3 When I survey the stars,  
And all their shining forms,  
LORD, what is man, that worthless thing,  
A-kin to dust and worms ?
- 4 LORD, what is worthless man,  
That thou should'st love him so ?  
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,  
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head  
While beasts like slaves obey,  
And birds that cut the air with wings,  
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !  
And wond'rous are thy ways :  
Of dust and worms thy power can frame  
A monument of praise.
- [7 Out of the mouths of babes  
And sucklings, thou can'st draw  
Surprising honours to thy name,  
And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord our heav'nly king,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And b'er the heav'ns they shine.]

## P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST'S *condescension and glorification*; or,  
*God made Man.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our LORD, how wond'rous great  
 Is thine exalted name!  
 The glories of thy heav'nly state  
 Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,  
 The moon that rules the night,  
 And stars that well adorn the sky,  
 Those moving worlds of light;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
 Who dwells so far below,  
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,  
 And love his nature so?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear,  
 To take a mortal form,  
 Made lower than his angels are,  
 To save a dying worm?
- [5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,  
 And men would not adore,  
 Th' obedient seas and fishes own  
 His Godhead and his power.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet,  
 And fish at his command,  
 Bring their large shoals to *Peter's* net,  
 Bring tribute to his hand.
- 7 These lesser glories of the Son  
 Shone thro' the fleshly cloud;  
 Now we behold him on his throne,  
 And men confess him GOD.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty  
 Who bow'd his head to death;  
 And be his honours sounded high,  
 By all things that have breath.

- 9 JESUS, our LORD, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted name !  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. *ver. 1, 2. Paraphrased.*

*First Part. Long Metre.*

*The hosanna of the children ; or, infants  
praising God.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,  
And thine eternal glories rise  
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young  
A monument of honour raise :  
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,  
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age  
To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amid thy temple throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face ;  
The *Son of David* is their song,  
And young hosanna's fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests  
In vain their impious cavils bring ;  
Revenge sits silent in their breasts.  
While *Jewish* babes proclaim their King.

P S A L M VIII. *ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.*

*Second Part. Long Metre.*

*Adam and CHRIST, Lords of the old and new  
creation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at first,  
*Adam* the offspring of the dust,

- That thou should'st set him and his race  
But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,  
And make him lord of all below,  
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,  
And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O ! what brighter glories wait  
To crown the second *Adam's* state !  
What honours shall thy Son adorn,  
Who condescended to be born ?
- 4 See him below his angels made ;  
See him in dust among the dead,  
To save a ruin'd world from sin :  
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all  
The mis'ries that attend the fall,  
New made, and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M IX. *First Part.**Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim :  
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,  
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy Majesty and grace ;  
My God prepares his throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all the poor oppress'd ;  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men, that know thy name will trust  
In thy abundant grace ;

For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,  
Who humbly seek thy face.

- 5 Sing praises to the righteous LORD,  
Who dwells on *Zion's* hill,  
Who executes his threat'ning word,  
And doth his grace fulfill.

P S A L M IX. ver. 12. *Second Part.*

*The wisdom and equity of Providence.*

- 1 **W**Hen the great Judge, supreme and just,  
Shall once enquire for blood,  
The humble souls that mourn in dust  
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death  
Does his own children raise ;  
In *Zion's* gates, with chearful breath,  
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet,  
Into the pit they made ;  
And sinners perish in the net  
That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,  
Are thy deep counsels known ;  
When men of mischief are destroy'd,  
The snare must be their own.

P A U S E.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;  
Thy wrath devour the lands,  
That dare forget thee, or rebel  
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,  
And wait, and long complain,  
Their cries shall not be still forgot,  
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

- [7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,  
To judge and save the poor ;  
Let nations tremble at thy feet,  
And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,  
And put their hearts to pain,  
Make 'em confess that thou art God,  
And they but feeble men.]

## P S A L M X. Common Metre.

*Prayers heard, and saints saved ; or, pride,  
atheism, and oppression punished.*

For a humiliation day.

- 1 **W**HY doth the LORD stand off so far ?  
And why conceal his face,  
When great calamities appear,  
And times of deep distress ?
- 2 LORD, shall the wicked still deride  
Thy justice and thy pow'r ?  
Shall they advance their heads in pride,  
And still thy saints devour ?
- 3 *They* put thy judgments from their sight,  
And then insult the poor ;  
They boast in their exalted height,  
That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,  
Attend our humble cry ;  
No enemy shall dare to stand  
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage,  
And say with foolish pride,  
*The God of heav'n will ne'er engage  
To fight on Zion's side.*

- 6 But thou for ever art the LORD ;  
 And pow'rful is thine hand,  
 As when the *Heathen* felt thy sword,  
 And perish'd from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
 And cause thine ear to hear,  
 He hearkens what his children say,  
 And puts the world in fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
 No more despise the just ;  
 And mighty sinners shall confess  
 They are but earth and dust.

## P S A L M XI. Long Metre.

*God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love ;  
 Why do my foes insult and cry,  
*Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,  
 To distant woods or mountains fly ?*
- 2 If government be all destroy'd,  
 (That firm foundation of our peace)  
 And violence make justice void,  
 Where shall the righteous seek redress ?
- 3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,  
 His eyes survey the world below ;  
 To him all mortal things are known ;  
 His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,  
 To prove their love and try their grace,  
 What may the bold transgressors fear ?  
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain  
 Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,  
 Such as he kindled on the plain  
 Of *Sodom* with his angry breath.

- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,  
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,  
And with a gracious eye beholds  
The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The saints safety and hope in evil times ; or,  
sins of the tongue complained of, viz. blasphemy,  
falshood, &c.*

- 1 **L** ORD, if thou dost not soon appear.  
Virtue and truth will fly away ;  
A faithful man amongst us here  
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbours meet  
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain ;  
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,  
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound  
Shall not maintain their triumph long :  
The God of vengeance will confound  
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 Yet shall our words be free, they cry,  
Our tongues shall be controul'd by none :  
Where is the Lord will ask us why ?  
Or say, our lips are not our own ?
- 5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress'd,  
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,  
Will rise to give his children rest,  
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,  
Void of deceit shall still appear ;  
Not silver seven times purify'd  
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour  
Defend the holy soul from harm ;

Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r,  
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of a general corruption of manners ; or,  
the promise and signs of CHRIST's coming to  
judgment.*

1 **H**ELP Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
Religion loses ground !

The sons of violence prevail,  
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,  
Yet act the flatt'rer's part ;  
With fair deceitful lips they speak,  
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,  
How is their fury stirr'd ?  
*Are not our lips our own, they cry,  
And who shall be our Lord ?*

4 Scoffer's appear on every side,  
While a vile race of men  
Are rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,  
And bear the sword in vain.

P A U S E.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold :

6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on ;  
Hast thou not giv'n the sign ?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine ?

7 " Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,  
" And make oppressors flee ;  
" I shall appear to their surprise,  
" And set my servants free."

- 8 Thy word like silver seven times try'd,  
 Thro' ages shall endure :  
 The men that in thy truth confide,  
 Shall find the promise sure.

P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

*Pleading with God under desertion; or, hope  
 in darkness.*

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain  
 Like one that seeks his God in vain?  
 Can'st thou thy face forever hide,  
 And I still pray and be deny'd?
- 2 Shall I forever be forgot,  
 As one whom thou regardest not?  
 Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?  
 And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
 Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?  
 And Satan, my malicious foe,  
 Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
 Before my death concludes my grief;  
 If thou with-hold thy heav'nly light,  
 I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,  
 If but one praying soul be lost;  
 But I have trusted in thy grace,  
 And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
 My chearful voice to songs of praise.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

*Complaint under temptations of the devil.*

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?  
 My God how long delay?

- When shall I feel those heav'nly rays  
That chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor labouring soul  
Wrestle and toil in vain ?  
Thy word can all my foes controul,  
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries  
All his malicious arts,  
He spreads a mist around my eyes,  
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,  
My soul in safety keep ;  
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd  
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud  
If I become his prey !  
Behold the sons of hell grow proud  
At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,  
And satan hide his head :  
He knows the terrors of thy look,  
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace  
Where all my hopes have hung ;  
I shall employ my lips in praise,  
And vict'ry shall be sung.

P S A L M XIV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

*By nature all men are sinners.*

- 1 **F**OOLS in their heart believe and say,  
“ That all religion's vain ;  
“ There is no God that reigns on high,  
“ Or minds th' affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,  
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;

And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.

- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne,  
Look'd down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray ;  
Their practice all the same :  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit ;  
Their slanders never cease :  
How swift to mischief are their feet !  
Nor know the paths of peace.
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In ev'ry heart are found ;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
'Till grace refine the ground.

P S A L M XIV. *Second Part.*

*The folly of persecutors.*

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown,  
That they the saints devour ;  
And never worship at thy throne,  
Nor fear thine awful pow'r.
- 2 Great God ! appear to their surprise,  
Reveal thy dreadful name !  
Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just,  
And yet our foes deride,  
That we should make thy name our trust :  
Great God ! confound their pride.
- 4 O that the joyful day were come,  
To finish our distress !

When God shall bring his children home,  
Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*Characters of a saint ; or, a citizen of Zion ;  
or, the qualifications of a christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,  
O God of holiness ?  
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,  
And works with righteous hands,  
That trusts his Maker's promises,  
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,  
Nor slanders with his tongue ;  
Will scarce believe an ill report,  
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,  
Loves all that fear the Lord ;  
And though to his own hurt he swears,  
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,  
And never gripe the poor ;  
This man shall dwell with God on earth,  
And find his heav'n secure.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre.

*Religion and justice, goodness and truth ; or, Du-  
ties to God and man ; or, the qualifications of  
a christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy face !  
The man that minds religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;

No flanders dwell upon his tongue ;  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

[3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,  
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :  
Sinners of state he can despise,  
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

[4 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good ;  
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

[5 He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold :  
While others gripe and grind the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies and prays  
For those that curse him to his face :  
And doth to all men still the same  
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone :  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

P S A L M XVI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company ; or, good works profit men, not God.*

1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord in time of need,  
For succour to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead ;  
My goodworks cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess,  
How empty and how poor I am ;  
My praise can never make thee bless,  
Nor add new glories to thy name,

3 Yet Lord, thy saints on earth may reap,  
Some profit by the good we do ;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others chuse the sons of mirth,  
To give a relish to their wine,  
I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

CHRIST'S *All-sufficiency.*

1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrow rise,  
Who haste to seek some idol god ;  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon ;  
He for my life has offer'd up  
Jesus his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast ;  
By day his counsels guide me right ;  
And be his name forever blest,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
At my right-hand he stands prepar'd  
'To keep my soul from all surprise,  
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.*

1 **W**HEN God is nigh my faith is strong,  
His arm is my almighty prop :  
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet gracious God, thou wilt not leave

My soul forever with the dead,  
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust and rise on high ;  
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way  
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And full discov'ries of thy grace,  
Which we but tasted here below,  
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

P S A L M XVI. *First Part.*

Common Metre. 1-----8.

*Support and counsel from GOD without merit.*

1 **S**AVE me O Lord, from every foe :  
In thee my trust I place,  
Tho' all the good that I can do,  
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,  
The saints may profit by't ;  
The saints the glory of the earth,  
The men of my delight.

3 Let *Heathens* to their idols haste,  
And worship wood or stone ;  
But my delightful lot is cast  
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,  
He fills my daily cup,  
Much am I pleas'd with present good,  
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy, !  
His counsels are my light ;  
He gives me sweet advice by day,  
And gentle hints by night,

- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve  
 To his all seeing eye :  
 Not death nor hell my hopes shall move,  
 While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*The death and resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 " **I** Set the Lord before my face,  
 " He bears my courage up ;  
 " My heart and tongue their joys express,  
 " My flesh shall rest in hope.

- 2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave  
 " Where souls departed are ;  
 " Nor quit my body to the grave,  
 " To see corruption there.

- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
 " And raise me to thy throne :  
 " Thy courts immortal pleasures give,  
 " Thy presence joy unknown."

- [4 Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,  
 The holy David sung,  
 And providence fulfills the word  
 Of his prophetic tongue.

- 5 Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,  
 Was crucified and slain ;  
 Behold the tomb its prey restores,  
 Behold he lives again.

- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand  
 On heav'n's eternal hills ?  
 There sits the Son at God's right hand,  
 And there the Father smiles.]

P S A L M XVII. *ver. 13.* &c. Short Metre.

*Portion of saints and sinners ; or, hope and despair  
 in death.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,  
 And make the wicked flee ;

They are but thy chastising rod  
To drive thy saints to thee.

- 2 Behold the sinner dies ;  
His haughty words are vain :  
Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,  
And boast of all his store ;  
The Lord is my inheritance,  
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face  
Of my forgiving God ;  
And stand compleat in righteousness,  
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heaven begun  
When I awake from death,  
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,  
And draw immortal breath.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

*The sinners portion and saints hope ; or, the  
heaven of separate souls, and the resurrec-  
tion.*

- 1 **L**ORD I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lies below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know ;  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand compleat in righteousness.

- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show,  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I 'wake and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more controul  
The sacred pleasure of my soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. *First Part.* Long Metre.  
*ver. 1---6, 15---18.*

*Deliverance from despair ; or, temptations  
overcome.*

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord my strength,  
My Rock, my tow'r, my high defence ;  
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death and the terrors of the grave,  
Stood round me with their dismal shade ;  
While floods of high temptations rose,  
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell  
With endless pains and sorrows there,  
(Which none but they that feel can tell)  
While I was hurry'd to despair.
- 4 In my distress, I call'd my God,  
When I could scarce believe him mine,  
He bow'd his ear to my complaint ;  
Then did his grace appear divine.
- [5 With speed he flew to my relief,  
As on a cherub's wing he rode ;

Awful and bright as light'ning shone  
The face of my deliv'rer God.

- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,  
The blast of his almighty breath :  
He sent salvation from on high,  
And drew me from the deeps of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
Much was their strength and more their rage,  
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still,  
In all the wars that devils wage.
- 8 My song forever shall record  
That terrible, that joyful hour ;  
And give the glory to the Lord,  
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

P S A L M XVIII. *Second Part.*

Long Metre. *ver.* 20--26.

*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
Hast made thy love and truth appear ;  
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,  
I've walk'd upright before thy face :  
Or if my feet did e'er depart,  
'Twas ever with a broken heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest !  
What wars and strugglings in my breast !  
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,  
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,  
That works and strives against my will ;  
When shall thy spirit's sov'reign pow'r  
Destroy it, that it rise no more ?

[5 With an impartial hand the Lord  
Deals out to mortals their reward :  
The kind and faithful souls shall find  
A God as faithful and as kind.]

6 The just and pure shall ever say,  
Thou art more pure, more just than they :  
And men that love revenge shall know,  
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

PSALM XVIII. *ver.* 30. 31, 34, 35, 36. &c.  
*Third Part.* Long Metre.

*Rejoicing in God ; or, salvation and triumph.*

1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great rock of my secure abode ;  
Who is a God beside the Lord ?  
Or where's a refuge like our God ?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;  
And while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, (and blessed be my rock)  
The God of my salvation lives,  
The dark designs of hell are broke ;  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,  
I will exalt my Father's name,  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To *David* and his royal seed,  
Thy grace forever shall extend ;  
Thy love to saints in Christ their head,  
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

*Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.*

• **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,  
Now is thine arm reveal'd :

Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,  
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal rock,  
And find a sure defence ;  
His holy name our lips invoke,  
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of his loud alarms,  
The light'ning of his spear ?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,  
And angels in array  
In millions wait to know his mind,  
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke  
Whole armies are dismay'd ;  
His voice, his frown, his angry look,  
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'als for the field,  
With all their dreadful skill,  
Gives them his awful sword to wield,  
And makes their hearts of steel.

[7 He arms our captains to the fight,  
Tho' there his name's forgot ;  
(He guarded *Cyrus* with his might,  
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest,  
For his own churches sake ;  
The pow'rs that give his people rest,  
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*The conqueror's song.*

1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe  
The triumphs of the day ;

D

- Thy terrors Lord, confound the foe,  
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,  
And break united pow'rs ;  
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale,  
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,  
And trod them to the ground  
While thy salvation was our shield,  
But they no shelter found !
- 4 In vain to idol saints, they cry,  
And perish in their blood :  
Where is a rock so great, so high,  
So pow'rful as our God ?
- 5 The rock of *Isr'el* ever lives,  
His name be ever blest ;  
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
And gives his people rest.
- 6 On kings that reign, as *David* did,  
He pours his blessings down ;  
Secures their honours to their seed,  
And well supports their crown.

P S A L M XIX. *First Part.* Short Metre.

*The book of nature and scripture.*

For a Lord's-day morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
Declares its Maker God,  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same ;  
While night to day, and day to night,  
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land  
 Their general voice is known ;  
 They shew the wonders of his ha-  
 And orders of his throne.

4 Ye *British* lands rejoice,  
 He here reveals his word ;  
 We are not left to nature's voice  
 To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands  
 Are set before our eyes ;  
 He puts his gospel in our hands,  
 Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,  
 His truth without deceit ;  
 His promises forever sure,  
 And his rewards are great.

[7 Not honey to the taste  
 Affords so much delight ;  
 Nor gold that has the furnace past  
 So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,  
 Thy glory to proclaim,  
 Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
 In my Redeemer's name.]

P S A L M XIX. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's word most excellent ; or, sincerity and  
 watchfulness.

For a Lord's day morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun  
 Begins his glorious way,  
 His beams through all the nations run,  
 And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes  
 It spreads diviner light ;  
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
 And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word ;  
 And all thy judgments just ;  
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
 And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
 Are thy directions giv'n !  
 O may I never read in vain.  
 But find the path to heav'n !

## P A U S E.

5 I hear thy word with love,  
 And I would fain obey ;  
 Send thy good Spirit from above  
 To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find  
 The errors of his ways ?  
 Yet with a bold presumt'ous mind  
 I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin ;  
 Forgive my secret faults,  
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread thy praise abroad,  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God.

## P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

*The books of nature and scripture compared ; or,  
 the glory and success of the gospel.*

1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
 In every star thy wisdom shines :  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;

But the best volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand :  
So when the truth begun its race,  
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry land,

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
'Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;  
'Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great sun of righteousness arise,  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light :  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :  
Lord cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

P S A L M XIX. To the tune of the 113th  
Psalm.

*The book of nature and scripture.*

1 **G**reat God, the heav'ns well order'd frame  
Declares the glories of thy name :  
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;  
A thousand starry beauties there,  
A thousand radiant marks appear  
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,  
The dawning and the dying light,  
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;  
With silent eloquence they raise  
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
And neither sound nor language need.

- 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
Far as the journies of the sun,  
And ev'ry nation knows their voice :  
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,  
Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where e'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
He smiles and speaks his maker God ;  
All nature joins to shew thy praise ;  
Thus God in every creature shines ;  
Fair is the book of nature's lines,  
But fairer is thy book of grace.

## P A U S E.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed !  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;  
Thy promise leads my soul to rest.
- 6 From the discov'ries of thy law  
The perfect rules of life I draw :  
These are my study and delight ;  
Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that hath the furnace past  
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies ;  
But 'tis thy blessed gospel Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?  
My God, forgive my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain ;

Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
That I have read thy book of grace,  
And book of nature not in vain.

## P S A L M XX. Long Metre.

*Prayer and hope of victory.*

For a day of prayer in time of war.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry !  
Jehovah hears when *Isr'el* prays,  
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends  
Better than shields or brazen walls ;  
He from his sanctuary sends  
Succour and strength when *Zion* calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs ;  
His love exceeds our best desires ;  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,  
And in the name of *Isr'el's* God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts ;  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- [6 O may the mem'ry of thy name  
Inspire our armies for the fight !  
Our foes shall fail and die with shame,  
Or quit the field with shameful flight.
- 7 Now save us Lord, from slavish fear,  
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,  
'Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

## P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

*Our King is the care of heaven.*

1 **T**HE King, O Lord, with songs of praise  
 Shall in thy strength rejoice ;  
 And blest with thy salvation, raise  
 To heav'n his chearful voice.

2 Thy sure defence thro' nations round  
 Has spread his glorious name :  
 And his successful actions crown'd  
 With majesty and fame.

3 Then let the King on God alone  
 His timely aid rely !  
 His mercy shall support the throne,  
 And all his wants supply.

4 But righteous Lord, his stubborn foes  
 Shall feel thy dreadful hand ;  
 Thy vengetul arm shall find out those  
 That hate his mild command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,  
 Thy just, but dreadful doom,  
 Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,  
 Their hopes, and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,  
 And thus exalt thy fame ;  
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare  
 For thine almighty name.

## P S A L M XXI. 1----9. Long Metre.

*Christ exalted to the kingdom.*

1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,  
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace,  
 But Christ the Son appears at length,  
 Fulfills the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy  
 In the salvation of thy hand !

- Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants what e'er he will,  
Nor doth the least request withhold,  
Blessings of love prevent him still,  
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine  
Around his sacred temples shine ;  
Blest with the favour of thy face,  
And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes ;  
And as a fiery oven glows  
With raging heat and living coals,  
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

P S A L M XXII. 1----16. *First Part.*

## Common Metre.

*The sufferings and death of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,  
Nor will a smile afford ?  
(Thus *David* once in anguish spoke,  
And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Tho' 'tis my chief delight to dwell  
Among thy praising saints,  
Yet thou can'st hear a groan as well,  
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our Fathers trusted in thy name,  
And great deliv'rance found ;  
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,  
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head they pass me by,  
And laugh my soul to scorn ;  
*In vain they trust in God, they cry.*  
*Neglected and forlorn.*

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,  
By thine almighty word :  
And since I hung upon the breast,  
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face  
When foes stand threat'ning round  
In the dark hour of deep distress,  
And not an helper found ?

## P A U S E.

7 Behold thy darling left among  
The cruel and the proud,  
As bulls of *Bashan* fierce and strong,  
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,  
To multiply the smart ;  
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,  
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose  
The rage of earth and hell,  
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise  
The Son he loves so well ?

10 My God if possible it be,  
Withhold this bitter cup ;  
But I resign my will to thee.  
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,  
In groans I waste my breath :  
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down  
Low as the dust of death,

12 Father, I give my spirit up,  
And trust it in thy hand ;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,  
And rise at thy command.

P S A L M XXII. 20, 21, 27---31. *Second**Part. Common Metre.*  
*Christ's sufferings and kingdom.*

1 " **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,  
 " O Lord, protect thy son,  
 " Nor leave thy Darling to engage  
 " The pow'rs of hell alone."

2 Thus did the suffering Saviour pray :  
 With mighty cries and tears ;  
 God heard him in that dreadful day,  
 And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
 His throne's exalted high :  
 And all the kindreds of the earth  
 Shall worship, or shall die,

4 A num'rous offspring must arise  
 From his expiring groans ;  
 They shall be reckon'd in his eyes  
 For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
 His table richly spread ;  
 And all that seek the Lord shall be  
 With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness  
 Of our incarnate God,  
 And nations yet unborn profess,  
 Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M XXII. *Long Metre.*  
*Christ's sufferings and exaltation.*

1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record  
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
 When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
 As one forsaken of his God,

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
 And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn ;

- “ He rescu’d others from the grave,  
 “ Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 “ This is the man did once pretend  
 “ God was his Father and his Friend ;  
 “ If God the blessed lov’d him so,  
 “ Why doth he fail to help him now ?”
- 4 Barbarous people ! cruel priests !  
 How they stood round like savage beasts ;  
 Like lions gaping to devour,  
 When God had left him in their pow’r.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
 ’Till streams of blood each other meet ;  
 By lot his garments they divide,  
 And mock the pangs in which he dy’d.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry ;  
 Rais’d from the dead he reigns on high ;  
 The nations learn his righteousness,  
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

*God our Shepherd.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;  
 Now shall my wants be well supply’d ;  
 His providence and holy word  
 Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,  
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;  
 There living water gently flows,  
 And all the food divinely blest.
- 3 My wand’ring feet his ways mistake ;  
 But he restores my soul to peace,  
 And leads me for his mercy’s sake,  
 In the fair path of righteousness.
- 4 Tho’ I walk thro’ the gloomy vale,  
 Where death and all its terrors are,

my Heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell,  
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine  
To see my table spread so well,  
With living bread and chearful wine.

[7 How I rejoice when on my head  
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !  
'Tis a divine anointing shed  
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord,  
Attend his household all their days ;  
'There will I dwell to hear his word,  
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,  
Jehovah is his name ;  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways,  
And leads me for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay ;  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread ;

My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God,  
Attend me all my days ;  
O may thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise !

6 There would I find a settled rest,  
(While others go and come)  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd :  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my foll'wing days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

## P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

*Dwelling with God.*

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,  
With *Adam's* num'rous race ;  
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men  
May visit thine abode ?  
He that has hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take  
The blessings of his grace :  
This is the lot of those that seek  
The God of *Jacob's* face.
- 4 Now let your souls immortal pow'rs,  
To meet the Lord prepare,  
Lift up their everlasting doors,  
The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory ! who can tell  
The wonders of his might ?  
He rules the nations ; but to dwell  
With saints is his delight.

## P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

*Saints dwell in heaven ; or, Christ's ascension.*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
And men and worms, and beasts and  
He rais'd the building on the seas, (birds ;  
And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter place on high,  
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky :  
Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his Maker God ?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,

Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

- 4 These are the men, the pious race,  
That seek the God of *Jacob's* face ;  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

- 5 Rejoice ye shining worlds on high,  
Behold the King of glory's nigh ;  
Who can this King of glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
To make the Lord the Saviour way :  
Laden with spoils of earth and hell,  
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before ;  
He opens heav'n's eternal door,  
To give his saints a blest abode,  
Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. 1---P. *First Part.*

*Waiting for pardon and direction.*

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name ;  
Let not my foes that seek my blood,  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell  
Persuade me to despair ;  
Lord make me know thy cov'nant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light,  
'Till the dark ev'ning rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,  
With ever longing eyes.

- 4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And ev'ry humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness sake,  
He saves my soul from shame,  
He pardons (though my guilt be great)  
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.*

*Divine instruction.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found  
That fears t' offend his God,  
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
And trembles at the rod ?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know  
The secrets of his heart,  
The wonders of his cov'nant show,  
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand  
Are truth and mercy still,  
With such as to his cov'nant stand,  
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their soul shall dwell at ease  
Before their Maker's face :  
Their feed shall taste the promises  
In their extensive grace.

PSALM XXV. 15----22. *Third Part.*

*Distress of soul ; or, backsliding and desertion.*

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord ;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,  
Bring thy salvation near,  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare ?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace  
Of my forgiving God,  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod !
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but enlarge my woe ;  
My spirit languishes, my heart  
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light,  
My sorrow new begins ;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.

## P A U S E.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell,  
How cruel is their hate !  
Against my life they rise, and join  
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame ;  
For I have plac'd my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.
- 8 With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again ;  
Of *Is'el* it shall ne'er be said,  
He fought the Lord in vain.

## P S A L M XXVI.

*Self examination ; or, evidences of grace.*

- 1 **J**udge me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart ;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With men of vanity and lies ;  
The scoffer and the hypocrite,  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,  
With hands well wash'd in innocence :  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honour dwells ;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have past  
Among the saints, and near my God.

P S A L M XXVII. 1----6. *First Part.*

*The church is our delight and safety.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God is my strength ; nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still ;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there enquire his will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide :  
God has a strong pavilion, where  
He makes my soul abide.

- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
 Above my foes around ;  
 And songs of joy and victory  
 Within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

*Prayer and hope.*

- 1 **S** OON as I heard my Father say,  
*Ye children seek my grace,*  
 My heart reply'd without delay,  
*I'll seek my Father's face.*
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away :  
 God of my life, I fly to thee,  
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God would make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,  
 Had not my soul believ'd  
 To see thy grace provide relief,  
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
 And keep your courage up ;  
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XXIX.

*Storm and thunder.*

- 1 **G** IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r ;  
 Ascribe due honours to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud  
 Over the ocean and the land ;

- His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
And light'nings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,  
Lay the wide forest bare around :  
The fearful hart and frightened hind,  
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,  
And lo, the stately cedars break ;  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The vallies roar, the desarts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,  
The thund'rer reigns for ever King :  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts :  
Amidst the raging storm his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

P S A L M XXX. *First Part.**Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.*

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,  
At thy command diseases fly :  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,  
And tell how large his goodness is ;  
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,  
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;  
His love is life and length of days :  
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning-star restores the joy.

P S A L M XXX. ver. 6. *Second Part.**Health, sickness, and recovery.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
 And I presum'd, 'twould ne'er be night :  
 Fondly I said within my heart,  
*" Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."*
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;  
 Soon as thy face began to hide,  
 My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God !  
*" What can'st thou profit by my blood ?*  
*" Deep in the dust can I declare*  
*" 'Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?*
- 4 *" Hear me, O God of grace ! I said,*  
*" And bring me from among the dead :"*  
 Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,  
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,  
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;  
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;  
 'Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,  
 For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

P S A L M XXXI. 5, 13---19, 22, 24.

*First Part.**Deliverance from death.*

- 1 **I**NTO thine hand, O God of truth,  
 My spirit I commit ;  
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,  
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear  
 Maintain'd a double strife,

While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd  
To take away my life.

3 *My times are in thine hand, I cry'd,  
Tho' I draw near the dust :*  
Thou art the refuge where I hide,  
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face  
Upon thy servant shine,  
And save me for thy mercy's-sake,  
For I'm entirely thine.

## P A U S E.

[5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,  
*I must despair and die,  
I am cut off before thine eyes ;  
But thou hast heard my cry.]*

6 Thy goodness how divinely free !  
How wond'rous is thy grace,  
To those that fear thy Majesty,  
And trust thy promises !

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,  
And sing his praises loud ;  
He'll lend his ear to your complaints,  
And recompence the proud.

P S A L M XXXI. 7----13----18----21.

*Second Part.*

*Deliverance from slander and reproach.*

1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,  
My God, my Help, my Trust ;  
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,  
Mine honour from the dust.

2 " My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,  
" My years consum'd in groans,  
" My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,  
" And sorrow wastes my bones."

- 3 Among mine enemies my name  
Was a mere proverb grown,  
While to my neighbours I became  
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side  
Seiz'd and beset me round :  
I to the throne of grace reply'd,  
And speedy rescue found.

## P A U S E.

- 5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought  
Before the sons of men !  
The lying lips to silence brought,  
And made their boasting vain !
- 6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,  
Shall thy pavilion hide,  
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,  
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence Lord,  
Let me forever dwell ;  
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd  
Secures a saint so well.

## P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.

*Forgiveness of sin upon confession.*

- 2 **O** BLESSED souls are they  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care ;  
Their lips and lives without deceit  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound,

'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne ;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

*Free pardon and sincere obedience ; or, confession  
and forgiveness.*

1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God  
No more imputes his sin,  
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood  
Hath made his garments clean !

2 Happy, beyond expression, he  
Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;  
And from the guilty bondage free,  
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
His words are all sincere :  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his conscience clear,

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,  
No quiet could I find ;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,  
My secret sins reveal'd ;  
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,  
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;  
While like a raging flood  
Temptations rise, our strength and stay  
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Repentance and free pardon ; or, justification  
and sanctification.*

- 1 **B**LEST is he man, for ever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities,  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

P S A L M XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.*

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence and conceal  
My heavy guilt within my heart,  
What torments doth my conscience feel,  
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess ;  
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul,  
Make swift addresses to thy seat ;  
When floods of huge temptations roll  
There shall they find a blest retreat.

- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark and storms appear ;  
And when I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. *First Part.**Works of creation and providence.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you :  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy just and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread ;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand :  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations rage,  
And breaks their vain designs ;  
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines.

P S A L M XXXIII. *Second Part.**Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the nation where the Lord  
Hath fix'd his glorious throne ;

Where he reveals his heav'nly word,  
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,  
Does the whole world behold ;  
He form'd us all of equal clay,  
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force  
Of armies from the grave ;  
Nor speed nor courage of an horse  
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,  
To hope for safety thence ;  
But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,  
When plagues or famine spread ;  
H's watchful eye secures the just,  
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy throne ;  
For we have made thy word our choice,  
And trust thy grace alone.

P S A L M XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

*First Part.*

*Works of creation and providence.*

1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,  
Great is your theme, your songs be new :  
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves,  
His word the heav'nly arches spread ;

How wide they shine from north to south !  
And by the spirit of his mouth

Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,  
Those wat'ry treasures know their place  
In the vast store-house of the deep :  
He spake, and gave all nature birth,  
And fires, and seas, and heav'n and earth,  
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore  
A God of such resistless pow'r,  
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :  
Vain are your tho'ts, and weak your hands,  
But his eternal counsel stands,  
And rules the world from age to age.

P S A L M XXXIII. As the 133th Psalm.

*Second Part.*

*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord  
Reveals the treasure of his word,  
And builds his church, his earthly throne !  
His eye the heathen world surveys,  
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,  
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,  
And of his strength the champion boast ;  
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;  
In vain we trust the brutal force,  
Or speed, or courage of an horse,  
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion Lord,  
Doth more secure defence afford  
When death, or dangers threatening stand :  
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,  
Who make thy name their fear and trust,  
When wars or famine waste the land.

- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,  
 Thou our Physician, thou our shield,  
 Send us salvation from thy throne :  
 We wait to see thy goodness shine ;  
 Let us rejoice in help divine,  
 For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*God's care of the Saints ; or, deliverance by prayer.*

- 1 **L**ORD I will bless thee all my days,  
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :  
 My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
 Come, let us all exalt his name ;  
 I sought th' eternal God, and he  
 Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,  
 My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;  
 He gave my inward pains relief,  
 And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
 Their faces feel the heav'nly shine ;  
 A beam of mercy from the skies  
 Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
 Around the men that serve the Lord ;  
 O fear and love him, all ye saints,  
 Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions pinch'd with pain  
 And hunger, roar thro' all the wood :  
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
 Nor want supplies of real good.

P S A L M XXXIV. 11.---22. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

*Religious education ; or, instructions of piety.*

- 1 **C**Hildren in years and knowledge young,  
Your parents hope, your parents joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mortal state,  
Restrain your feet from impious ways,  
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,  
His ears are open to their cries ;  
He sets his frowning face against  
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,  
God with his grace is ever nigh ;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts,  
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death ;  
His spirit heals their broken bones,  
They in his praise employ their breath.

P S A L M XXXIV. 1---10. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.*

- 1 **I**'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;  
How good are all his ways !  
Ye humble souls that use to pray,  
Come, help my lips to praise,
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,  
How a poor sinner cry'd,  
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,  
Nor was his faith deny'd.

- 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me flood,  
 And endless fears arose,  
 Like the loud billows of a flood,  
 Redoubling all my woes ;
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,  
 With heavy groans and tears ;  
 He gave my sharpest torments ease,  
 And silenc'd all my fears.

## P A U S E.

- [5 O sinners, come and taste his love,  
 Come learn his pleasant ways,  
 And let your own experience prove  
 The sweetness of his grace.
- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents  
 Round where his children dwell ;  
 What ills their heav'nly care prevents,  
 No earthly tongue can tell.]
- [7 O love the Lord ye saints of his ;  
 His eye regards the just ;  
 How richly blest their portion is  
 Who make the Lord their trust !
- 8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,  
 And famish in the wood ;  
 But God supplies his holy poor,  
 With ev'ry needful good.]

P S A L M XXXIV. 11--22. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

*Exhortation to peace and holiness.*

- 1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,  
 And that your days be long,  
 Let not a false or spiteful word  
 Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practice love,  
 Pursue the works of peace :

So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
And set your souls at ease.

- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
His ears attend their cry :  
When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste  
Are sharp and tedious too,  
The Lord who saves them at the last,  
Is their Supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;  
But God secures his own :  
Prevents the mischief when they slide,  
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation like a flood  
O'er the proud sinner rolls,  
Saints find a refuge in their God,  
For he redeems their souls.

P S A L M XXXV. 1---9. *First Part.*

*Prayer and faith of persecuted saints ; or,  
Imprecations mixt with charity.*

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause almighty God,  
with all the sons of strife ;  
And fight against the men of blood,  
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way,  
Lift thine avenging rod ;  
But to my soul in mercy say,  
*I am thy Saviour God.*
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
And nets of mischief spread ;  
Plunge the destroyers in the pit  
That their own hands have made.

- 4 Let fogs and darkneſs hide their way,  
And ſlipp'ry be their ground ;  
'Thy wrath ſhall make their lives a prey,  
And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly like chaff before the wind,  
Before thine angry breath ;  
'The angel of the Lord behind  
Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell ;  
Then let the rebels die,  
Whoſe malice is implacable  
Againſt the Lord on high.
- 7 But if thou haſt a choſen few  
Amongſt that impious race,  
Divide them from the bloody crew  
By thy ſurpriſing grace.
- 8 Then will I raiſe my tuneful voice  
To make thy wonders known :  
In their ſalvation I'll rejoice,  
And bleſs thee for my own.

P S A L M XXXV. 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

*Love to enemies ; or, the love of Chriſt to  
ſinners typified in David.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,  
That holy *David* ſhows ;  
Hark, how his ſounding bowels move  
'To his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are ſick, his ſoul complains,  
And ſeems to feel the ſmart ;  
'The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,  
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole  
As for a brother dead !  
And faſting mortify'd his ſoul,  
While for their life he pray'd.

- 4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,  
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
 And double blessings on his head  
 The righteous Lord returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace ;  
 Thus Christ the Lord appears ;  
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He the true *David*, *Isr'el's* King,  
 Blest and lov'd of God,  
 To save us rebels dead in sin,  
 Paid his own dearest blood.

P S A L M XXXVI. 5---9. Long Metre.

*The perfections and providence of God ; or,  
 general providence and special grace.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
 Thy goodness in full glory shines :  
 Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud  
 That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
 As mountains their foundations keep ;  
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands,  
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
 Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
 The whole creation is thy charge,  
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,  
 Whence all our hope and comfort spring :  
 The sons of *Adam* in distress  
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house  
 We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
 There mercy like a river flows,  
 And brings salvation to our taste.

- 6 Life like a fountain rich and free,  
 Springs from the presence of the Lord ;  
 And in thy light our souls shall see  
 The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M XXXVI. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.

Common Metre.

*Practical Atheism exposed ; or, The being and attributes of God asserted.*

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways  
 And yet a God they own,  
 My heart within me often says,  
*Their thoughts believe there's none.*
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare  
 (Whate'er their lips profess)  
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,  
 Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self flatt'ry blinds their eyes ?  
 But there's a hast'ning hour,  
 When they shall see with sore surprise,  
 The terrors of thy pow'r
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,  
 Tho' mountains melt away :  
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
 A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above these heav'ns created rounds,  
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend :  
 Thy truth out lives the narrow bounds  
 Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,  
 Nor overlooks the beast ;  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
 Thy children chuse to rest.
- 7 From thee, when creature-streams run low,  
 And mortal comforts die,

Perpetual springs of life shall flow,  
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Tho' all created light decay,  
And death close up our eyes,  
Thy presence makes eternal day,  
Where clouds can never rise.]

P S A L M XXXVI. 1--7. Short Metre.

*The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God ;  
or, Practical Atheism exposed.*

1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,  
My heart within me cries,  
*He hath no faith of God within,  
Nor fear before his eyes.*

[2 He walks a while conceal'd  
In a self-flatt'ring dream,  
'Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,  
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,  
His words are smooth and fair ;  
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,  
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed,  
New mischiefs to fulfill,  
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,  
To practice all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,  
Though men renounce his fear :  
His justice hid behind the cloud,  
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,  
In heav'n his mercies dwell ;  
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,  
His anger burns to hell,

- 7 How excellent his love,  
 Whence all our safety springs !  
 O never let my soul remove  
 From underneath his wings.

P S A L M XXXVII. 1---15. *First Part.*

*The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief ; or,  
 the rewards of the righteous and the wicked ;  
 or, the world's hatred and the saint's patience.*

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret  
 To see the wicked rise ?  
 Or envy sinners waxing great  
 By violence and lies !
- 2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,  
 Before the ev'ning fades,  
 So shall their glories vanish soon,  
 In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
 And practice all that's good :  
 So shall I dwell among the just,  
 And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,  
 And chearful wait his will ;  
 Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,  
 Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,  
 And make thy judgments known,  
 Fair as the light of dawning day,  
 And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek at last the earth possess,  
 And are the heirs of heav'n ;  
 True riches, with abundant peace,  
 To humble souls are giv'n.

P A U S E.

- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,  
 Nor let your anger rise,

- Tho' providence should long delay,  
To punish haughty vice.
- 8 Let sinners join to break their peace,  
And plot, and rage, and foam ;  
The Lord derides them, for he sees  
Their day of vengeance come.
- 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,  
Have bent the murd'rous bow,  
To slay the men that fear the Lord,  
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn  
Their persecuting darts,  
Shall their own swords against them turn,  
And pain surprise their hearts.

P S A L M XXXVII. 16, 21, 26---31.

*Second Part.*

*Charity to the poor ; or, Religion in words and  
deeds.*

- 2 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold ?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay :  
The saint is merciful, and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives  
Amongst the sons of need ;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud ;  
His ready tongue declares to men,  
What he has learn'd of God.

- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord  
 Deep in his heart abide ;  
 Led by the spirit and the word,  
 His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall the righteous stand,  
 Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;  
 They shall possess the promis'd land,  
 And dwell forever there.

P S A L M XXXVII. 23--37. *Third Part.*

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
 Are order'd by thy will ;  
 Tho' they should fall, they rise again,  
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
 Their virtue he approves :  
 He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
 Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
 Their portion and their home :  
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
 Of blessings long to come.
- Wait on the Lord ye sons of men,  
 Nor fear when tyrants frown ;  
 Ye shall confess their pride was vain,  
 When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

- The haughty sinner I have seen,  
 Not fearing man nor God,  
 Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,  
 Destroy'd by hands unseen,  
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
 Where all that pride had been.

- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,  
His several steps attend ;  
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

## P S A L M XXXVIII.

*Guilt of conscience and relief ; or, Repentance and  
prayer for pardon and health.*

- 1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love,  
Restore thy servant, Lord,  
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove  
Like an avenger's sword.

- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,  
My flesh is sorely prest ;  
Between the sorrow and the smart,  
My spirit finds no rest.

- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone ;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me t' atone.

- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down ;  
And I go mourning all the day  
Beneath my Father's frown.

- 5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,  
None of my pow'rs are whole :  
The inward anguish makes me roar,  
The anguish of my soul.

- 6 All my desire to thee is known,  
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,  
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan  
I notic'd by thine ear.

- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope ;  
My God will hear my cry,  
My God will bear my spirit up  
When satan bids me die.

[8 My foot is ever apt to slide,  
My foes rejoice to see't ;  
They raise their pleasure and their pride,  
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,  
And grieve for all my sin :  
I'll mourn, how weak my graces be,  
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be forever nigh ;  
O Lord of my salvation haste,  
Before thy servant die.]

P S A L M XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*  
*Watchfulness over the tongue ; or, Prudence*  
*and zeal.*

1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,  
“ Now will I watch my tongue,  
“ Lest I let slip one single word,  
“ Or do my neighbour wrong.”

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay  
With men of lives profane,  
I'll set a double guard that day,  
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
The pious thoughts I feel,  
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,  
I'll not be over-aw'd,  
But let the scoffing sinners hear  
That I can speak for God.

P S A L M XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*  
*The vanity of man as mortal.*

1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou maker of my frame ;

- I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast;  
An inch or two of time ;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain,  
They rage and strive desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden o'er,  
They toil for heirs they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What could I wish or wait for then  
From creatures, earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall :  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my All.

P S A L M XXXIX. 9---13. *Third Part.*

*Sick-bed devotion ; or, Pleading without repining,*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel ;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command,  
I'll nor attempt a murm'ring word  
Against thy chast'ning hand.

- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,  
Remove thy sharp rebukes :  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust ;  
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.
- [5 This mortal life decays apace,  
How soon the bubble's broke ;  
*Adam* and all his num'rous race,  
Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were ;  
May I be well prepar'd to go,  
When I the summons hear !
- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

P S A L M XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part*  
Common Metre.

*A song of deliverance from great distress.*

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,  
He bow'd to hear my cry ;  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay,  
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my chearful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.

I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;  
 The saints with joy shall hear,  
 And sinners learn to make my God  
 Their only hope and fear.

How many are thy thoughts of love !  
 Thy mercies Lord, how great !  
 We have not words nor hours enough  
 Their numbers to repeat.

When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,  
 And light and peace depart,  
 My God beholds my heavy woe,  
 And bears me on his heart.

P S A L M XL. 6——9. *Second Part.*  
 Common Metre.

*The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.*

**T**HUS saith the Lord, “ Your works is vain,  
 “ Give your burnt-offrings o’er,  
 “ In dying goats, and bullocks slain,  
 “ My soul delights no more.”

Then spake the Saviour, “ Lo, I’m here,  
 “ My God to do thy will ;  
 “ Whate’er thy sacred books declare  
 “ Thy servant shall fulfill.

“ Thy law is ever in my sight,  
 “ I keep it near my heart :  
 “ Mine ears are open’d with delight,  
 “ To what thy lips impart.”

And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
 Th’ eternal Son appears,  
 And at the appointed time assumes  
 The body God prepares.

Much he reveal’d his Father’s grace,  
 And much his truth he shew’d,  
 And preach’d the way of righteousness,  
 Where great assemblies stood.

- 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,  
 He pity'd sinners cries,  
 And to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
 Was made a sacrifice.

## P A U S E.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed,  
 Could wash the conscience clean ;  
 But the rich sacrifice he paid,  
 Atones for all our sin.

- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,  
 And satan's kingdom shook ;  
 Thus by the woman's promis'd seed  
 The serpent's head was broke.

P S A L M XL. 5--10. Long Metre.

*Christ our sacrifice.*

- 1 **T**HE wonders Lord, thy love has wrought  
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought  
 Should I attempt the long detail,  
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt  
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;  
 But thou hast set before our eyes  
 And all-sufficient sacrifice.

- 3 Lo ! thine eternal Son appears,  
 To thy designs he bows his ears ;  
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,  
 And well performs a work so hard.

- 4 “ Behold I come, (the Saviour cries,  
 “ With love and duty in his eyes)  
 “ I come to bear the heavy load  
 “ Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

- 5 “ 'Tis written in thy great decree,  
 “ 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,  
 “ I must fulfil the Saviour's part,  
 “ And lo ! thy law is in my heart.

" I'll magnify thy holy Jaw,  
 " And rebels to obedience draw;  
 " When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
 " Or to my crown above the sky.  
 " The spirit shall descend and show  
 " What thou hast done, and what I do ;  
 " The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,  
 " Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

## P S A L M XLI. 1, 2, 3.

*Charity to the poor ; or, Pity to the afflicted.*

**B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,  
 And melt with pity to the poor ;  
 Whose soul by sympathizing love,  
 Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

His heart contrives for their relief,  
 More good than his own hands can do ;  
 He in the time of gen'ral grief,  
 Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

His soul shall live secure on earth,  
 With secret blessings on his head,  
 When drought, and pestilence and dearth,  
 Around him multiply their dead.

Or if he languish on his couch,  
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n ;  
 Will save him with a healing touch,  
 Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

P S A L M XLII. 1.--5. *First Part.*  
*Desertion and hope ; or, Complaint of absence*  
*from publick worship.*

**W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,  
 My God to thee I look ;  
 So pants the hunted hart to find  
 And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
 And meet my God again ?

- So long an absence from thy face,  
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast ;  
The foe insults without controul,  
*And where's your God at last ?*
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now  
I think on ancient days ;  
Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why my soul sunk down so far  
Beneath this heavy load ?  
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,  
And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
Can all my woes remove ;  
For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love.

P S A L M XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*

*Melancholy thoughts reproved ; or, Hope in Affliction.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me Lord,  
But I will call thy name to mind,  
And times of past distress record,  
When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles with tumult'ous noise,  
Swell like a sea, and round me spread ;  
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,  
And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,  
When I address his throne by day,  
Nor in the night his grace remove,  
'The night shall hear me sing and pray.

- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,  
And say, " My God, my heav'nly rock,  
" Why doth thy love so long forget  
" The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ?"
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,  
Why should my soul indulge her grief ?  
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;  
He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,  
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,  
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill,  
My God, my most exceeding joy.

P S A L M XLIV. 1. 3. 8, 15——26.

*The Church's complaint in persecution.*

- 1 **L** ORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of pow'r and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,  
And make thy gospel known ;  
Amongst them did thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a chearful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach thy grace.
- Yet have we not forgot our God,  
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,  
Nor have our steps declin'd the road  
Of duty thou hast giv'n ;

- 6 Though dragons all around us roar  
 With their destructive breath,  
 And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,  
 Hard by the gates of death.

## P A U S E.

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die  
 As martyrs for thy cause,  
 As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,  
 By sharp and bloody laws.
- 8 Awake, arise almighty Lord,  
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace !  
 Why should we look like men abhor'd,  
 Or banish'd from thy face.
- 9 Wilt thou forever cast us off,  
 And still neglect our cries ?  
 For ever hide thine heav'nly love  
 From our afflicted eyes ?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,  
 And dies upon the ground ;  
 Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
 And all their pow'r confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
 Our Saviour and our God ;  
 We plead the honours of thy name,  
 The merits of thy blood.

## P S A L M XLV. Short Metre.

*The glory of Christ ; the success of the gospel, and  
 the Gentile church.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,  
 Thy beauties are divine ;  
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,  
 And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known ;  
 Gird on thy dreadful sword,

and ride in majesty, to spread  
The conquests of thy word.

Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
Or melt their hearts t' obey ;  
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,  
Attend thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right ;  
Thy throne shall ever stand ;  
And thy victorious gospel proves  
A scepter in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God,  
Hath without measure shed  
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,  
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

6 Behold at thy right hand  
The *Gentile* church is seen,  
Like a fair bride in rich attire,  
And princes guard the Queen.

Fair bride, receive his love,  
Forget thy father's house ;  
For sake thy gods, thy idol gods,  
And pay the Lord thy vows.]

O let thy God and King,  
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;  
By children shall his honour sing  
In palaces of joy.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

*The personal glories and government of Christ.*

I'LL speak the honours of my King ;  
His form divinely fair :  
None of the sons of mortal race  
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace  
Upon thy lips is shed ;

Thy God, with blessings infinite  
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince ;  
Ride with majestic sway ;  
Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,  
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands ;  
Thy word of grace shall prove  
A peaceful scepter in thy hands,  
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
But mercy is thy choice :  
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M XLV. *First Part.* Long Me

*The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel*

1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King,  
Jesus the Lord ; how heav'nly fair  
His form ! how bright his beauties are !

2 O'er all the sons of human race  
He shines with a superior grace ;  
Love from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
Gird on the terror of thy sword ;  
In majesty and glory ride,  
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;  
Or words of mercy kind and sweet  
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands ;

Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Justice and grace are thy delight.

- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred spirit blest  
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*Christ and his church ; or, The mystical marriage.*

- 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face;  
Adorn'd with majesty and grace ;  
He comes with blessings from above,  
And wins the nations to his love.

- 2 At his right-hand, our eyes behold  
The Queen array'd in purest gold ;  
The world admires her heav'nly dress ;  
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

- 3 He forms her beauties like his own ;  
He calls and seats her near his throne ;  
Fair stranger let thine heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.

- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice,  
In thee the fav'rite of his choice ;  
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,  
For he's thy maker and thy Lord.

- 5 O happy hour when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies,  
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)  
Each like a prince in glory reign !

- 6 Let endless honours crown his head  
Let every age his praises spread !  
While we with chearful songs approve  
The condescensions of his love.

P S A L M XLVI. *First Part.*

*The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
E'er we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God:  
Life, love and joy, still gliding through,  
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controuls:  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 *Sion* enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

P S A L M XLVI. *Second Part.*

*God fights for his church.*

- 1 **L**ET *Sion* in her King rejoice,  
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise:  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

- 2 The Lord of old, for *Jacob* fought,  
And *Jacob's* God is still our aid ;  
Behold the works his hand has wrought,  
What desolations he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea thro' all the shores,  
He makes the noise of battle cease ;  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace !
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame :  
Keep silence all ye earth and hear  
The sound and glory of his name !
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,  
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;  
" I will be known and fear'd abroad ;  
" But still my throne in *Sion* stands.
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,  
While we so near thy presence dwell,  
Our faith shall sit secure and sing  
Defiance to the gates of hell.

## P S A L M XLVII.

*Christ ascending and reigning.*

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sov'rn King !  
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,  
His heav'nly guards around,  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains :  
Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;  
 Let knowledge lead the song ;  
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In *Isr'el* stood his ancient throne,  
 He lov'd that chosen race ;  
 But now he calls the world his own,  
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The *British* islands are the Lord's,  
 There *Abr'ham's* God is known,  
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,  
 Submit before his throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. 1—8. *First Part.*

*The church is the honour and safety of a nation.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 The honours of our native place,  
 The bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In *Sion* God is known  
 A refuge in distress ;  
 How bright has his salvation shone  
 Through all her palaces !
- 4 When kings against her join'd,  
 And saw the Lord was there,  
 In wild confusion of the mind,  
 They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 When navies tall and proud  
 Attempt to spoil our peace,  
 He sends his tempest roaring loud,  
 And sinks them in the seas.

- 6 Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.
- 7 In ev'ry new distress  
 We'll to his house repair,  
 We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,  
 And seek deliv'rance there.

P S A L M XLVIII. 10—14. *Second Part.*

*The beauty of the church ; or, Gospel worship  
 and order.*

- 1 **F**A R as thy name is known  
 The world declares thy praise !  
 Thy saints O Lord, before thy throne,  
 Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let *Judah* stand  
 On *Sion's* chosen hill,  
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
 And counsels of thy will,
- 3 Let strangers walk around  
 The city where we dwell,  
 Compass and view thine holy ground,  
 And mark the building well.
- 4 The orders of thy house,  
 The worship of thy court,  
 The chearful songs, the solemon vows,  
 And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !  
 How glorious to behold !  
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now  
 Will guide us 'till we die,  
 Will be our God while here below,  
 And ours above the sky.

P S A L M XLIX. 6—14 *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*Pride and death; or, The vanity of life and riches.*

1 **W**H Y doth the man of riches grow  
 To insolence and pride,  
 To see his wealth and honours flow  
 With every rising tide ?

[2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,  
 Made of the self-same clay,  
 And boast as tho' his flesh were born  
 Of better dust than they ?]

3 Not all his treasure can procure  
 His soul a short reprieve,  
 Redeem from death one guilty hour,  
 Or make his brother live.

[4 Life is a blessing can't be sold,  
 The ransom is too high ;  
 Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,  
 That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,  
 The tim'rous and the brave,  
 Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
 And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,  
 " My house shall ever stand :  
 " And that my name may long abide,  
 " I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,  
 How soon his mem'ry dies ?  
 His name is written in the dust  
 Where his own carcase lies.

P A U S E.

8 This is the folly of their way ;  
 And yet their sons as vain,

Approve the words their fathers say,  
And act their works again.

- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,  
If honour raise them high,  
Live like a beast, a thoughtless race,  
And like a beast they die.

[10 Laid in the grave like filthy sheep,  
Death feeds upon them there,  
'Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep  
In terror and despair.]

P S A L M XLIX. 14, 15. *Second Part.*  
Common Metre.

*Death and the resurrection.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride that hate the just,  
And trample on the poor,  
When death has brought you down to dust,  
Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene ;  
When will that hour appear ?  
When shall the just revive, and reign  
O'er all that scorn'd them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,  
When sep'rate from the flesh ;  
And break the prison of the grave,  
To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,  
Th' inheritance is sure ;  
Let men of pride their rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

*The rich sinner's death, and the saints resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,  
And boast the large estates they have ?  
How vain are riches to secure  
Their haughty owners from the grave !

- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death  
With all the wealth in which they trust ;  
Nor give a dying brother breath,  
When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade  
Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;  
That flesh so delicately fed,  
Lies cold and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
Laid in the grave for worms to eat ;  
The saints shall in the morning rise,  
And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,  
And pomp, and beauty, birth and blood :  
That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode :  
My flesh and soul shall part no more ;  
But dwell forever near my God.

P S A L M L. 1—6. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*The last judgment ; or, The saints rewarded.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge before his throne,  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
*Judgment will ne'er begin ;*  
No more abuse his long delay,  
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare his way,

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come ;  
And earth and hell shall know, and fear,  
His justice and their doom.

5 " But gather all my saints (he cries)  
" That make their peace with God  
" By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
" Who seal'd it with his blood.

6 " Their faith and works brought forth to  
" Shall make the world confess (light,  
" My sentence of reward is right,  
" And heaven adore my grace."

P S A L M \* L. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15,—23.

*Second Part. Common Metre.*

*Obedience is better than sacrifice.*

1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "the spacious fields  
" And flocks and herds are mine,  
" O'er all the cattle of the hills  
" I claim a right divine.

2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;  
" To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
" Is all that I require.

3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,  
" My hand shall set thee free ;  
" Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
" The honour due to me.

4 " The man that offers humble praise,  
" He glorifies me best :  
And those that tread my holy ways  
" Shall my salvation taste."

P S A L M L. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.

*Third Part. Common Metre.*

*The Judgment of Hypocrites.*

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And saints surround their Lord,  
He calls the nations to attend,  
And hear his awful word.
- 2 “ Not for the want of bullocks slain,  
“ Will I the world reprove ;  
“ Altars and rites, and forms are vain,  
Without the fire of love.
- 3 “ And what have hypocrites to do,  
“ To bring their sacrifice ?  
“ They call my statutes just and true,  
“ But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 “ Could you expect to ’scape my sight,  
“ And sin without controul ?  
“ But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
“ With anguish in your soul.”
- 5 Consider ye that slight the Lord,  
Before his wrath appear ;  
If once you fall beneath his sword,  
There’s no deliv’rer there.

P S A L M L. *Third Part. Long Metre.*

*Hypocrisy exposed.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord the Judge, his churches warns ;  
Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,  
But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name  
With lips of falshood and deceit ;  
A friend or brother to defame,  
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,  
Yet dare to seek their Maker’s face ;













- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess  
 Against thy law against thy grace :  
 Lord should thy judgment grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
 I must pronounce thee just in death :  
 And if my soul were sent to hell,  
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner Lord,  
 Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

P S A L M LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*Original and actual sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,  
 And born unholy and unclean,  
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
 Corrupts his race and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- [3 Great God, create my heart anew,  
 And form my spirit pure and true ;  
 O. make me wise betimes to spy  
 My danger, and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face ;  
 My only refuge is thy grace ;  
 No outward forms can make me clean ;  
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
 Can wash the dismal stain away.

- 6 Jesus my God, thy blood alone,  
 Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
 No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
 Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease,  
 Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

P S A L M LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre,  
*The backslider restored ; or, Repentance and  
 faith in the blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin ;  
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight :  
 Thine holy joys my God, restore ;  
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
 His help and comfort still afford :  
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless  
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

P S A L M LI. 3 --13. *First Part.*

*Common Metre.*

*Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.*

**L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes ;  
Against thy laws, against thy grace  
How high my crimes arise !

Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,  
And crush my flesh to dust,  
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,  
And earth must own it just.

I from the stock of *Adam* came,  
Unholy and unclean ;  
All my original is shame,  
And all my nature sin.

Born in the world of guilt, I drew  
Contagion with my breath,  
And as my days advanc'd I grew  
A juster prey for death.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul  
With thy forgiving love ;  
Make my broken spirit whole,  
And bid my pains remove.

Let not thy spirit quite depart,  
Nor drive me from thy face ;  
Create anew my vicious heart,  
And fill it with thy grace.

- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known  
 Before the sons of men ;  
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
 And turn to God again.

P S A L M LI. 14.—17. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

*Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy hear my call,  
 My load of guilt remove,  
 Break down the separating wall,  
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
 Then my rejoicing tongue  
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain  
 For sin could e'er atone ;  
 The death of Christ shall still remain  
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,  
 My God will ne'er despise ;  
 A humble groan, a broken heart,  
 Is our best sacrifice.

P S A L M LIII. 4.—6.

*Victory and deliverance from persecution.*

- 1 **A** RE all the foes of *Sion* fools,  
 Who thus devour her saints ?  
 Do they not know her Saviour's rules,  
 And pities her complaints ?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise ;  
 For God's revenging arm  
 Scatters the bones of them that rise  
 To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of satan boast  
 Of armies in array ;

When God has first despis'd their host,  
They fall an easy prey.

- 4 O for a word from *Sion's* King  
Her captives to restore ;  
*Jacob* with all his tribes shall sing,  
And *Judah* weep no more.

P S A L M LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22.

Common Metre.

*Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,  
Behold my flowing tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.

- 2 Their rage is level'd at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with inward strife  
To shake my hope in God.

- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,  
I groan with every breath :  
Horror and fear beset me round  
Among the shades of death.

O were I like a feather'd dove;  
And innocence had wings ;  
I'd fly and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home ;  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.

Vain hopes and vain inventions all,  
To 'scape the rage of hell !  
The mighty God, on whom I call,  
Can save me here as well.

## P A U S E.

- 7 By morn'g-light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry,  
The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear  
Or shield me when afraid :  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If he commands their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all ;  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fail.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread his praise ;  
While cruel and deceitful men  
Scarce live out half their days.

P S A L M LV. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22.  
Short Metre.

*Dangerous prosperity ; or, Daily devotion encouraged.*

- 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,  
And chuse the road to death ;  
But in the worship of my God  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne  
When morning brings the light ;  
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,  
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God ;  
While sinners perish in surprise  
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel ?

They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I with all my cares,  
Will lean upon the Lord ;  
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.

6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love ;  
The ground on which their safety stands  
No earthly pow'r can move.

## P S A L M LVI.

*Deliverance from oppression and falsehood ; or,  
God's care of his people in answer to faith  
and prayer.*

**O** THOU whose justice reigns on high,  
And makes th' oppressor cease,  
Behold how envious sinners try  
To vex and break my peace,

2 The sons of violence and lies  
Join to devour me, Lord ;  
But as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just and true,  
I have repos'd my trust ;  
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,  
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults ;  
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.

Shall they escape without thy frown ?  
Must their devices stand ?  
O cast the haughty sinner down,  
And let him know thy hand,

## P A U S E.

- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
 Their groans affect his ears,  
 Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
 A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
 The wicked fear and flee ;  
 So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,  
 So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, most holy, just and true,  
 I have repos'd my trust ;  
 Nor will I fear what man can do,  
 The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
 Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
 I'll sing, *How faithful is thy word ;*  
*How righteous all thy ways !*
- 10 'Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,  
 O set thy pris'ner free !  
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
 May be employ'd for thee.

## P S A L M LVII.

*Praise for protection, grace and truth.*

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
 Of boundless love and grace unknown,  
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
 'Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
 The Lord will my desires perform ;  
 He sends his angels from the sky,  
 And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to thy name ;  
Awake my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth, his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

*Warning to Magistrates.*

1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye despise the righteous cause,  
When th' injur'd poor before you stands ?  
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
While gold and greatness bribe your hands.

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew  
That God will judge the judges too ?  
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns,  
Yet you invade the rights of God ;  
And send your bold decrees abroad  
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,  
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,  
And death attends where e'er it wounds :  
You hear no counsels, cries or tears ;  
So the deaf adder stops her ears  
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,  
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood ;  
And crush the serpents in the dust :

As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise,  
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,  
 So let their hopes and names be lost.

- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,  
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
 As hills of snow dissolve and run,  
 Or snails that perish in their slime !  
 Or births that come before their time,  
 Vain births that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
 Safety and joy to saints afford ;  
 And all that hear shall join and say,  
 " Sure there's a God that rules on high,  
 " A God that hears his children cry,  
 " And will their suff'rings well repay.

P S A L M LX. 1———5. 10———12.

*On a day of humiliation for disappointments  
 in War.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off ?  
 Must we for ever mourn ?  
 Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath ?  
 Shall mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine  
 Melts all our strength away ;  
 Like men that totter, drunk with wine,  
 We tremble in dismay.
- 3 *Great Britain* snakes beneath thy stroke,  
 And dreads thy threat'ning hand ;  
 O heal the island thou hast broke,  
 Confirm the wav'ring land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,  
 For those that fear thy name :  
 Save thy beloved with thy shield,  
 And put our foes to shame.

- 5 Go with our armies to the fight  
Like a confed'rate God ;  
In vain confed'rate powers unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown  
By thine assisting hand ;  
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,  
And makes the feeble stand.

## P S A L M LXI. 1-----6.

*Safety in God.*

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.  
Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII. 5<sup>1</sup>—12.*No trust in the creatures ; or, Faith in divine  
grace and power.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is his throne :  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before his face :

When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.

- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity ;  
Laid in the balance both appear,  
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust ;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God has spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
" All pow'r is his eternal due ;  
" He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,  
Grace is a partner of the throne :  
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*The morning of a Lord's day.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy chearing grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
Thro' all thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
That vision so divine.

- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my chearful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus 'till my last expiring day,  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

P S A L M LXIII. 6—10. *Second Part.*  
Common Metre.

*Midnight thoughts recollected.*

- 1 'T WAS in the watches of the night  
I thought upon thy pow'r ;  
I kept thy lovely face in sight  
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
My soul arose on high ;  
My God, my Life, my Hope, I said,  
*Bring thy salvation nigh.*
- 3 My spirit labours up thine hill,  
And climbs the heav'nly road :  
But thy right-hand upholds me still,  
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
The shadow of thy wings ;  
My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace  
Shall fret and rage in vain :  
The tempter shall forever cease,  
And all my sins be slain.

- 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,  
And send them down to dwell,  
In the dark caverns of the earth,  
Or to the depths of hell.

P S A L M LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after God ; or, the love of God better  
than life.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just, and Wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties ;  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood,
- 3 My heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands,  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;  
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the pow'r of Sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,  
Nor all the joys our senses know,  
Could make me so divinely blest,  
Or raise my chearful passion so.
- 6 My life itself without thy love,  
No taste of pleasure could afford ;  
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight,  
And adds refreshment to my bed.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

## P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

*Seeking God.*

**M**Y God, permit my tongue  
This joy, to call thee mine;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.

My thirsty fainting soul  
Thy mercy does implore;  
Not travellers in desert lands  
Can pant for water more.

Within thy churches, Lord,  
I long to find my place,  
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,  
And feel thy quickning grace.

For life without thy love  
No relish can afford;  
No joy can be compar'd with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.

To thee I'll lift my hands,  
And praise thee while I live;  
Not all the dainties of a feast  
Such food or pleasure give.

In wakeful hours of night,  
I call my God to mind;  
think how wise thy counsels are,  
And all thy dealings kind.

Since thou hast been my help,  
To thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful providence  
My chearful hope relies.

- 8 The shadow of thy wings  
 My soul in safety keeps !  
 I follow where my Father leads,  
 And he supports my steps.

P S A L M LXV. 1—5. *First Part.*

Long Metre.

*Public prayer and praise.*

- 1 **T**HE praise of *Sion* waits for thee,  
 My God ; and praise becomes thy house,  
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
 And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,  
 To save when humble sinners pray,  
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
 And islands of the *Northern* sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,  
 But grace shall purge away their stain ;  
 The blood of Christ will never fail  
 To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt chuse  
 And give him kind access to thee ;  
 Give him a place within thy house,  
 To taste thy love divinely free.
- P A U S E.
- 5 Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays ;  
*Babel*, prepare for long distress,  
 When *Sion's* God himself arrays  
 In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfills  
 What his afflicted saints request ;  
 And with almighty wrath reveals  
 His love to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run,  
 To *Sion's* hill and own their Lord ;

The rising and the setting sun  
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

P S A L M LXV. 5-----13. *Second Part.*  
Long Metre.

*Divine providence in air, earth and sea ; or,  
the God of Nature and Grace.*

1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears  
The groans of *Sion* mix'd with tears ;  
Yet when he comes with kind designs,  
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,  
Far as the earth's remotest ends,  
Where the Creator's name is known  
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood,  
Address their frightened souls to God,  
When tempests rage, and billows roar,  
A dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease,  
He calms the raging crowd to peace,  
When a tumult'ous nation raves,  
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,  
He settles in a peaceful form ;  
Mountains establish'd by his hand,  
Firm on their old foundation stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,  
New comets blaze, and light'nings fly,  
The *Heathen* lands with swift surprise,  
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

At his command the morning ray  
Smiles in the *East*, and leads the day :  
He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of *Western* hills.

- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;  
 'The ev'ning and the morn rejoice  
 'To see the earth made soft with show'rs,  
 Laden with fruit and drest in flow'rs.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,  
 He gives the thrifty ground supply ;  
 He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
 Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,  
 Abundant fruit the vallies yield ;  
 'The vallies shout with chearful voice,  
 And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array,  
 Their lambs and larger cattle play ;  
 The larger cattle and the lamb,  
 Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;  
 O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine ;  
 'Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;  
 Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *First-Part.* Common Metre  
*A prayer-bearing God, and the Gentiles called.*

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in *Sion*, Lord, for thee,  
 There shall our vows be paid :  
 'Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,  
 All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,  
 But pard'ning grace is thine,  
 And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill  
 To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Bless'd are the men whom thou shalt chuse  
 To bring them near thy face,  
 Give them a dwelling in thine house,  
 To feast upon thy grace.

- 4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,  
Thy truth and terror shine,  
And works of dreadful righteousness  
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see  
The Lord is good and just ;  
And distant islands fly to thee,  
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,  
When signs in heaven appear ;  
But they shall learn thy holy word,  
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*The providence of God in air, earth and sea ;  
or, The blessing of rain.*

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal pow'r !  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light and ev'ning shade  
Successive comforts bring :  
Thy plent'ous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours, T  
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;  
When clouds distill in fruitful show'rs, T  
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear :  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *Third Part. Common Metre.*

*The blessing of the spring ; or, God gives rain.*

*A Psalm for the husbandman.*

1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
Who makes the earth his care ;  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grass appear.

The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,  
Pour out at thy command  
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring ;  
The vallies rich provision yield,  
And the poor lab'ers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side  
Rejoice at falling show'rs,  
The meadows drest in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop ;  
The parched ground looks green again,  
And raise the reapers hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns ;  
How bount'ous are thy ways ?  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

P S A L M LXVI. *First Part.*

*Governing power and goodness ; or, Our grace  
tried by afflictions.*

1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
Sing with a joyful noise ;  
With melody of sound record  
His honours and your joys.

- 2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,  
 "How terrible art thou!  
 "Sinners, before thy presence fly,  
 "Or at thy feet they bow."
- [3 Come, see the wonders of our God,  
 How glorious are his ways?  
 In Moses' hand he put his rod,  
 And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,  
 While *Isr'el* pass'd the flood;  
 There did the church begin their joy,  
 And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might:  
 Will rebel mortals dare  
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,  
 And tempt that dreadful war.
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease;  
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise;  
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
 To make our graces shine;  
 So silver bears the burning coals,  
 The metal to refine.
- 8 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,  
 We march at thy command,  
 Led to possess the promis'd place,  
 By thine unerring hand.

P S A L M LXVI. 13—20. *Second Part.*

*Praise to God for hearing prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid  
 - To that almighty pow'r,  
 That heard the long requests I made  
 In my distressful hour.

- 2 My lips and chearful heart prepare  
To make his mercies known ;  
Come ye that fear my God, and hear  
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
I sought his heav'nly aid :  
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,  
And deaths eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,  
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,  
The Lord had shewn me no regard,  
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest)  
Has set my spirit free ;  
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,  
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

## P S A L M LXVII.

*The nation's prosperity, and the churches increase.*

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine  
With beams of heav'nly grace ;  
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,  
And shew thy smiling face.
- [2 Amidst our isle exalted high,  
Do thou our glory stand,  
And like a wall of guardian fire,  
Surround the fav'rite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore  
Sound all the earth abroad,  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice ;  
While *British* tongues extalt his praise,  
And *British* hearts rejoice.

- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,  
That sits enthron'd above,  
Wisely commands the worlds he made,  
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase:  
Our God will crown his chosen isle  
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here,  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

P S A L M LXVIII. 1—6. 32—35.

*First Part.*

*The vengeance and compassion of God.*

- 1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight;  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,  
Before the rising tempests flies.
- 2 He comes array'd in burning flames;  
Justice and vengeance are his names:  
Behold his fainting foes expire,  
Like melting wax before the fire!
- 3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;  
His name Jehovah sounds on high:  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:  
In him the poor and helpless find  
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And pris'ners see the light again;  
But rebels that dispute his will  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

P A U S E.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;  
His wond'rous name and pow'rs rehearse ;  
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;  
How terrible is God in arms !  
In *Isr'el* are his mercies known,  
*Isr'el* is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest ;  
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest ;  
When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

P S A L M LXVIII. 17, 18. *Second Part.**Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.*

- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots to attend thy state.
- 2 Not *Sinai's* mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. 9, 19, 20, 21, 22.

*Third Part.*

*Praise for temporal blessings ; or, Common and spiritual mercies.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, and good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds with plent'ous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath ;  
And all our near escapes from death ;  
Safety and health to God belong ;  
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide difference that remains,  
Is endless joys, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,  
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;  
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right-hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,  
And bring them to his courts above ;  
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. 1—14. *First Part.*

*Common Metre.*

*The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods  
“ Break in upon my soul ;  
“ I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
“ Like mighty waters roll,

- 2 " I cry 'till all my voice be gone,  
    " In tears I waste the day ;  
    " My God, behold my longing eyes,  
    " And shorten the delay.
- 3 " They hate my soul without a cause,  
    " And still their number grows  
    " More than the hairs around my head,  
    " And mighty are my foes.
- 4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
    " That men could never pay,  
    " And gave some honors to thy law,  
    " Which sinners took away."
- 5 Thus in the great Messiah's name  
    The royal prophet mourns ;  
    Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
    And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 " Now shall the saints rejoice and find  
    " Salvation in my name,  
    " For I have borne their heavy load,  
    " Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 7 " Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,  
    " And sackcloth was my dress,  
    " While I procur'd for naked souls,  
    " A robe of righteousness.
- 8 " Amongst my brethren and the *Jews*  
    " I like a stranger stood,  
    " And bore their vile reproach to bring  
    " The *Gentiles* near to God.
- 9 " I came in sinful mortals stead  
    " To do my Father's will ;  
    " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,  
    " They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 10 " My fasting and my holy groans  
    " Were made the drunkard's song;

- “ But God from his celestial throne  
 “ Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 “ He sav’d me from the dreadful deep,  
 “ Nor let my soul be drown’d ;  
 “ He rais’d and fix’d my sinking feet  
 “ On well establish’d ground.
- 12 “ ’Twas in a most accepted hour  
 “ My pray’r arose on high,  
 “ And for my sake my God shall hear  
 “ The dying sinner’s cry.”

P S A L M LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.

*Second Part. Common Metre.*

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear  
 And mournful pleasure sing  
 The suff’rings of our great High-Priest,  
 The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;  
 How high the waters rise ;  
 While to his heaven’ly Father’s ear  
 He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 “ Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
 “ Nor hide thy shining face ;  
 “ Why should thy Fav’rite look like one  
 “ Forsaken of thy grace ?
- 4 “ With rage they persecute the Man  
 “ That groans beneath thy wound,  
 “ While for a sacrifice I pour  
 “ My life upon the ground.
- 5 “ They tread my honour to the dust,  
 “ And laugh when I complain ;  
 “ Their sharp insulting slanders add  
 “ Fresh anguish to my pain.

- 6 " All my reproach, is known to thee,  
 " The scandal and the shame ;  
 " Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,  
 " And lies defile my name.
- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain ;  
 " My kindred are my grief ;  
 " I ask my friends for comfort round,  
 " But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,  
 " They gave me gall for food ;  
 " And sporting with my dying groans,  
 " They triumph in my blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,  
 " Let thy compassion save ;  
 " And though my flesh sink down to death,  
 " Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,  
 " Shall reign in worlds unknown,  
 " And thy salvation, O my God,  
 " Shall seat me on thy throne.

P S A L M LXIX. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

*Christ's obedience and death. or, God glorified  
 and sinners saved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,  
 I bless my Saviour's name ;  
 He bought salvation for the poor,  
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high ;  
 His duty and his zeal  
 Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,  
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,  
 Shall better please my God,

Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goats or bullocks blood,

This shall his humble foll'wers see,  
And set their hearts at rest ;  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.

Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
To God their voices raise,  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance his praise.

Sion is thine, most holy God,  
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
And glory purchas'd by his blood,  
For thine own *Isr'el* waits.

P S A L M LXIX. *First Part.* Long  
Metre.

*Christ's passion, and sinners salvation.*

**D**EEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord :  
Behold the rising billows roll  
To overwhelm his righteous soul.

In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,  
And all the sons of malice join  
To execute their curst design.

Yet gracious God, thy pow'r and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove ;  
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,  
Aton'd for sins which we have done.

The pangs of our expiring Lord,  
The honor of thy law restor'd :  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.

- for*  
 5 O for his sake, *our guilt* give,  
 And let the *morning* *shine* live !  
 The Lord will hear *us in his name*,  
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

P S A L M LXIX. ver. 7. &c. *Second*  
*Part. Long Measure.*

*Christ's Sufferings and zeal.*

- 1 **T** WAS for thy sake, eternal God,  
 Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load  
 Of base reproach, and sore disgrace,  
 And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews his brethren and his kin,  
 Abus'd the man that check'd their sin ;  
 While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,  
 They hate him, but without a cause.
- [3 *My Father's house, (said he) was made*  
*A place for worship, not for trade :*  
 Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,  
 He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- [4 Zeal for the temple of his God  
 Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood :  
 Reproaches at thy glory thrown,  
 He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
- 5 His friends forlook, his foll'wers fled,  
 While foes and arms surround his head ;  
 They curse him with a scandalous tongue,  
 And the false judge maintains the wrong.
- 6 His life they lead with hateful lies,  
 And charge his lips with blasphemies ;  
 They nail him to the shameful tree ;  
 There hung the man that dy'd for me.
- [7 Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,  
 Insult his piety and groans ;  
 Gall was the food they gave him there,  
 And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

But God beheld, and from his throne  
 Marks out the men that hate his Son :  
 The hand that rais'd him from the dead,  
 Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

P S A L M LXXI. 5---9. *First Part.*

*The aged saint's reflection and hope.*

**M**Y God, my everlasting hope,  
 I live upon thy truth ;  
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,  
 With all these limbs of mine,  
 And from my mother's painful hour  
 I've been intirely thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen,  
 Repeated ev'ry year ;  
 Behold my days that yet remain,  
 I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,  
 When hoary hairs arise ;  
 And round me let thy glory shine,  
 When e'er thy servant dies.

Then in the hist'ry of my age,  
 When men review my days,  
 They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,  
 In ev'ry line thy praise.

P S A L M LXXI. 14, 15, 16, 22, 23, 24.

*Second Part.*

*Christ our strength and righteousness.*

**M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,  
 When I begin thy praise,  
 Where will the growing numbers end,  
 The numbers of thy grace ?

Thou art my everlasting trust,  
 Thy goodness I adore ;

And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King !  
My soul redeem'd from death and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

[6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God ;  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs ;  
With this delightful song,  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.]

P S A L M LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*

*The aged christian's prayer and song ; or, Old  
age, death, and the resurrection.*

1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,  
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart ?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart ?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
 To the surviving age,  
 And leave a favour of thy name  
 When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death  
 Attends my next remove ;  
 O may these poor remains of breath  
 Teach the wide world thy love.

## P A U S E.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
 Unsearchable thy deeds ;  
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,  
 And oft endur'd the grief ;  
 But when thy hand has press'd me sore,  
 Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known  
 Thy sov'reign power to save ;  
 At thy command I venture down  
 Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried in the dust,  
 My flesh shall be thy care ;  
 These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,  
 To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXII. *First Part.**The kingdom of Christ.*

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway,  
 The known and unknown worlds  
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son, (obey,  
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
 All heav'n submits to his commands ;  
 His justice shall avenge the poor,  
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust.  
His worship and his fear shall last  
'Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down :  
His grace on fainting souls distills,  
Like heavn'ly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The *Heathen* lands that lie beneath  
The shades of over-spreading death;  
Revive at his first-dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise :  
Peace like a river from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

P S A L M LXXII. *Second Part.*

*Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where-e'er the Sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- [ 2 Behold the islands with their kings,  
And *Europe* her best tribute brings :  
From *North* to *South* the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There *Persia* glorious to behold,  
There *India* shines in *Eastern* gold ;  
And barb'rous nations at his word,  
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant-voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where-e'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- [7 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In Him the tribes of *Adam* boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.]

P S A L M LXXIII. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners  
cursed.*

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind  
To men of heart sincere,  
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,  
And border'd on despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,  
And spoke with angry breath,  
" How pleasant and profane they live !  
" How peaceful is their death !
- 3 " With well-fed flesh, and haughty eyes  
" They lay their fears to sleep ;  
" Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,  
" While saints in silence weep.
- 4 " In vain I lift my hands to pray,  
" And cleanse my heart in vain ;

“ For I am chaften’d all the day,  
 “ The night renews my pain.”

5 Yet while my tongue indulg’d complaints,  
 I felt my heart reprove ;

“ Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,  
 “ And grieve the men I love.”

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,  
 The conflict too severe,

’Till I retir’d to search thy word,  
 And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,  
 I saw the sinner’s feet

High mounted on a slipp’ry place,  
 Beside a fi’ry pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,  
 Till at thy frown he fell :

His honours in a dream were lost,  
 And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was !  
 How like a thoughtless beast !

Thus to suspect thy promis’d grace,  
 And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,  
 Upheld by pow’r unknown :

That blessed hand that broke the snare,  
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

P S A L M LXXIII. 23—28. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

*God our portion here and hereafter.*

1 **G**OD, my Supporter and my Hope,  
 My Help for ever near,  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
 When sinking in despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness ?  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me ;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint,  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die ;  
Not all the idol gods they love,  
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

P S A L M LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20.  
Long Metre.

*The prosperity of sinners cursed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But O their end, their dreadful end !  
Thy sanctuary taught me so :  
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
And fi'ry billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
I'll never envy them again :  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

- 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !  
 Just like a dream when man awakes ;  
 Their songs of softest harmony  
 Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
 My life, my portion, and my God.

## P S A L M LXXIII. Short Metre.

*The mystery of providence unfolded.*

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,  
 Nor is religion vain ;  
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
 And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
 And felt my heart repine,  
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes,  
 In robes of honor shine.
- [3 Pamper'd with wanton ease,  
 Their flesh looks full and fair ;  
 Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
 And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains  
 That pious souls endure,  
 Thro' all their life oppression reigns,  
 And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme  
 The everlasting God ;  
 Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
 And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears  
 Indulg'd my doubts to rise :  
 " Is there a God that sees or hears  
 The things below the skies ?" }

- 7 The tumults of my thought,  
Held me in hard suspense,  
'Till to thy house my feet were brought  
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and power  
Did my mistakes amend ;  
I view'd the sinners life before,  
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep  
The thoughtless wretches go !  
And O that dreadful fi'ry deep  
That waits their fall below !
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow ;  
My thoughts no more repine ;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my pow'rs are thine.

## P S A L M LXXIV.

*The church pleading with God under sore per-  
secution.*

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off ?  
His wrath for ever smoke  
Against the people of his love,  
His little chosen flock ?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
With their Redeemer's blood ;  
Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,  
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,  
Aloud our ruin calls ;  
See what a wide and fearful waste  
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,  
Thy foes profanely roar ;  
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,  
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

- 5 How are the seats of worship broke !  
They tear thy buildings down,  
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,  
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy,  
Thy children in their nest ;  
*Come let us burn at once (they cry)*  
*The temple and the priest.*
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,  
Thy presence is withdrawn ;  
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,  
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,  
But all the seers mourn ;  
There's not a soul amongst us knows  
The time of our return.
- P A U S E.
- 9 How long, eternal God, how long,  
Shall men of pride blaspheme ?  
Shall saints be made their endless song,  
And bear immortal shame ?
- 10 Canst thou forever sit and hear  
Thine holy name profan'd ?  
And still thy jealousy forbear,  
And still with-hold thine hand ?
- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown  
In ages long before ?  
And now no other God we own,  
No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,  
By thy resistless might,  
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,  
And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,  
The darkness and the day ?

Didst not thou bid the morning shine,  
And mark the sun his way.

4 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,  
And set the earth it's bounds,  
With summer's heat and winter's frost,  
In their perpetual rounds?

5 And shall the sons of earth and dust  
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?  
Will not thy hand that form'd them first,  
Avenge thy injur'd name?

6 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,  
And all thy words of love;  
Nor let the birds of prey invade  
And vex thy mourning dove.

7 Our foes would triumph in our blood,  
And make our hope their jest;  
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,  
And give thy children rest.

## P S A L M LXXV.

*Power and government from God alone.*

Applied to the glorious revolution by king  
*William*, or the happy accession of king  
*George* to the throne.

**T**O thee, most holy, and most high,  
To thee we bring our thankful praise;  
Thy works declare thy name is high,  
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

Britain was doom'd to be a slave,  
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;  
When God a new supporter gave,  
To bear the pillars of the state.

He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,  
And sware to rule by wholesome laws:  
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,  
His arm defend the righteous cause.

- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful head :  
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,  
And own the King that God hath made.
- 5 Such honours never come by chance,  
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;  
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth  
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne ;  
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,  
Will rise and make his justice known.
- [7 His hand holds out the dreadful cup  
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,  
To make the wicked drink them up,  
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.
- 8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,  
And while he tramples on the proud,  
And lays their glory in the dust,  
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

## P S A L M LXXVI.

*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed ; on  
God's vengeance against his enemies protect  
from his Church.*

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known ;  
His name in Isr'el great ;  
In Salem stood his holy throne,  
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,  
His dwelling there he chose ;  
There he receiv'd their just complaints,  
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word  
And broke the threatening spear,

The bow, the arrows and the sword,  
And crush'd th' *Affyrian* war.

What is the earth's wide kingdom else  
But mighty hills of prey ;  
The hill on which *Jehovah* dwells  
Is glorious more than they.

'Twas *Sion's* King that stop'd the breath  
Of captains and their bands :  
The men of might slept fast in death,  
and never found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,  
Both horse and chariot fell :  
Who knows the terrors of thy rod ?  
Thy vengeance who can tell ?

What pow'r can stand before thy sight  
When once thy wrath appears [light  
When heav'n shines round with dreadful  
The earth lies still and fears.

When God in his own sov'reign ways  
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,  
The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 Vow to the Lord and tribute bring,  
Ye princes fear his frown :  
His terror shakes the proudest king,  
And cuts an army down.

0 The thunder of his sharp rebuke  
Our haughty foes shall feel ;  
For *Jacob's* God hath not forsook,  
But dwells in *Sion* still.]

P S A L M LXXVII. *First Part.*

*Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.*

**T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear,

In the sad day, when troubles rose,  
And fill'd the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,  
My soul refus'd relief ;  
I thought on God, the just and wise,  
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,  
My heart began to break ;  
My God thy wrath forbade my rest,  
And kept mine eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,  
'Till I could speak no more ;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,  
When I beheld thy face ;  
My spirit search'd for secret crimes  
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind  
Which I enjoy'd before :  
And will the Lord no more be kind ?  
His face appear no more ?

7 Will he forever cast me off ?  
His promise ever fail ?  
Has he forgot his tender love ?  
Shall anger still prevail ?

8 But I forbade this hopeless thought,  
This dark despairing frame,  
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;  
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,  
And talk thy wonders o'er ;  
Thy wonders of recover'ing grace,  
When flesh could help no more.

1 ● Grace dwells with justice on the throne,  
And men that love thy word  
Have in thy sanctuary known  
The counsels of the Lord.

P S A L M LXXVII. *Second Part.*

*Comfort derived from ancient providences : or,  
Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to  
Canaan.*

1 “ **H**OW awful is thy chast’ning rod ?”  
(May thy own children say)  
“ The great, the wise, the dreadful God !  
“ How holy is his way ! ”

2 I’ll meditate his works of old ;  
The King that reigns above ;  
I’ll hear his ancient wonders told,  
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of *Joseph* lie  
With *Egypt*’s yoke oppress’d ;  
Long he delay’d to hear their cry,  
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old *Jacob* seem’d  
Abandon’d to their foes :  
But his almighty arm redeem’d  
The nation that he chose.

5 *Isr’el* his people and his sheep,  
Must follow where he calls ;  
He bade them venture through the deep,  
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,  
The waters saw thee come ;  
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,  
To make thine armies room.

Strange was thy journey through the sea,  
Thy footsteps, Lord unknown ;

Terrors attend the wond'rous way  
That brings thy mercy down.

[8 Thy voice with terror in the sound  
Thro' clouds and darkness broke ;  
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,  
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd !  
How glorious is the Lord !  
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,  
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock ;  
And safe by *Moses'* hand,  
'Thro' a dry desert led his flock  
Home to the promis'd land.]

P S A L M LXXVIII. *First Part.*

*Providences of God recorded ; or, Pious education and instruction of Children.*

1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God perform'd of old ;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of pow'r and grace :  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Thro' ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
Their hopes securely stands,  
That they may ne'er forget his works  
But practice his commands.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

*Israel's rebellion and punishment ; or, The sins  
and chastisements of God's people.*

- O** WHAT a stiff rebellious house  
Was Jacob's ancient race !  
False to their own most solemn vows,  
And to their Maker's grace.
- They broke the cov'nant of his love,  
And did his laws despise,  
Forgot his works he wrought to prove  
His pow'r before their eyes.
- They saw the plagues on Egypt light  
From his revenging hand :  
What dreadful tokens of his might  
Spread o'er the stubborn land !
- They saw him cleave the mighty sea,  
And march'd in safety through,  
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,  
'Till they had scap'd the foe.
- A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,  
Compos'd of shade and light ;  
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,  
A leading fire by night.
- He from the rock their thirst supply'd,  
The gushing waters fell,  
And ran in rivers by their side,  
A constant miracle.
- Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,  
And dar'd distrust his hand ;  
*Can he with bread our host supply,  
Amidst this desert land ?*
- The Lord with indignation heard,  
And caus'd his wrath to flame ;  
His terrors ever stand prepar'd  
To vindicate his name.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Third Part.*  
*The punishment of luxury and intemperance ; or,*  
*Chastisement and salvation.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Isr'el* sins, the Lord reproveth,  
 And fills their hearts with dread,  
 Yet he forgives the men he loves,  
 And sends them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,  
 And made his treasures known ;  
 He gave the mid-night clouds command  
 To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna like a morning show'r  
 Lay thick around their feet ;  
 The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,  
 As tho' 'twere angels meat.
- 4 But they in murm'ring language said,  
 " Manna is all our feast ;  
 " We loath this light, this airy bread ;  
 " We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 " *Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,*"  
 The Lord in wrath reply'd ;  
 And sent them quails like sand or dust,  
 Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire ;  
 And greedy as they fed,  
 His vengeance burn'd with secret fire,  
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain the rest return'd,  
 And sought the Lord with tears :  
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,  
 But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,  
 'Till by his gracious hand  
 The nation he resolv'd to save  
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

S A L M LXXVIII. ver. 32, &c. *Fourth  
Part.*

*Backsliding and forgiveness; or Sin punished,  
and saints saved.*

**G**REAT God, how oft did *Isr'el* prove  
By turns thine anger and thy love?  
There in a glass our hearts may see  
How fickle and how false they be.

How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot  
The dreadful wonders God had wrought;  
Then they provoke him to his face,  
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.

The Lord consum'd their years in pain,  
And made their travels long and vain;  
A tedious march thro' unknown ways  
Wore out their strength and spent their days.

Oft when they saw their brethren slain,  
They mourn'd and fought the Lord again;  
Call'd him the rock of their abode,  
Their high Redeemer and their God.

Their pray'rs and vows before him rise  
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,  
While their rebellious tempers prove,  
False to his cov'nant and his love.

Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive  
The men who not deserv'd to live;  
His anger oft away he turn'd,  
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

He saw their flesh was weak and frail,  
He saw temptation still prevail:  
The God of *Abr'ham* lov'd them still,  
And led them to his holy hill.

## S A L M LXXX.

## S A L M LXXX.

*Prayer under affliction ; or, The  
yard of God wasted.*

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine *Israel*,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe thro' the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,  
Shine from on high, and guide us through ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray ?  
And wait in vain thy kind return ?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
- 4 Instead of wine and chearful bread,  
Thy saints with their own tears are fed,  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

## P A U S E I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thine hands  
A lovely vine in *Heathen* lands ?  
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit ?  
But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste,  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.
- 8 Return, almighty God, return ;  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn ;

Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

## P A U S E II.

- 9 Lord when this vine in *Canaan* grew,  
Thou wast its strength and glory too !  
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,  
'Till the fair *Branch of Promise* rose.
- 10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot  
From *David's* stock, from *Jacōb's* root,  
Himself a noble vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the tree.
- 11 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand  
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand  
Thy first born Son, adorn'd and blest  
With pow'r and grace above the rest.
- 12 O ! for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches, lest they die ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

## P S A L M LXXXI.

*The warnings of God to his people ; or, Spirit-  
tual blessings and punishments.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,  
And make a joyful noise ;  
God is our strength, our Saviour God,  
Let *Isr'el* hear his voice.
- 2 “ From vile idolatry  
“ Preserve my worship clean ;  
“ I am the Lord who set thee free  
“ From slavery and sin.
- 3 “ Stretch thy desires abroad,  
“ And I'll supply them well ;  
“ But if ye will refuse your God,  
“ If *Isr'el* will rebel ;

- 4 " I'll leave them, saith the Lord,  
 " To their own lusts a prey,  
 " And let them run the dang'rous road;  
 " 'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 " Yet, O ! that all my saints  
 " Would hearken to my voice !  
 " Soon I would ease their sore complaints,  
 " And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 " While I destroy'd their foes,  
 " I'd richly feed my flock,  
 " And they should taste the stream that flows  
 " From their eternal rock."

## P S A L M LXXXII.

*God the supreme Governor ; or, Magistrates  
 warned.*

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,  
 A greater Ruler takes his seat,  
 The God of heav'n as Judge surveys  
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?  
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause !  
 When will you once defend the poor,  
 That sinners vex the saints no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,  
 Dark are the ways in which they go ;  
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,  
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
 Possess his universal throne,  
 And rule the nations with his rod ;  
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

## P S A L M LXXXIII.

*A complaint against persecutors.*

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace  
 Perpetual silence keep ?

The God of justice hold his peace,  
And let his vengeance sleep ?

2 Behold, what cursed snares  
The men of mischief spread :  
The men that hate thy saints and thee  
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones  
Their counsels they employ,  
And malice, with her watchful eye  
Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base  
Into thy pastures leap :  
The lion and the stupid ass  
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 " Come, let us join, they cry,  
" To root them from the ground,  
" Till not the name of saints remain,  
" Nor mem'ry shall be found."

6 Awake, almighty God,  
And call thy wrath to mind ;  
Give them, like forests to the fire,  
Or stubble to the wind.

Convince their madness, Lord,  
And make them seek thy name ;  
Or else their stubborn rage confound,  
That they may die in shame.

Then shall the nations know  
That glorious dreadful word,  
Jehovah is thy name alone,  
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*The pleasure of public worship.*

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !

With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides a nest ;  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want !

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their works is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength ; and through the road  
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
'Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Second Part.*  
Long Metre.

*God and his church ; or, Grace and glory.*

1 GREAT God attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Is worth a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,  
Shall tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our Sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within,
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and with-holds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway,  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee ;  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

P S A L M LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphrased in Common Metre

*Delight in ordinances of worship ; or, God pre-  
sent in his churches.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts !  
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,  
Tho' in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
His saving pow'r displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes  
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly dove  
Descends and fills the place,  
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,  
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will ;

And still we seek thy mercy there,  
And sing thy praises still.

## P A U S E.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
While far from thine abode ;  
When shall I tread thy courts and see  
My Saviour and my God ?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
And suffers no remove ;

7 O make me like the sparrow blest,  
To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a whole eternity  
Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord at thy threshold I would wait,  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right-hand,  
I'd give them both away.

S A L M LXXXIV. as the 148th Psalm.

*Longing for the house of God.*

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thy earthly temples are !  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires,  
With warm desires,  
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young  
With pleasure seeks a nest :

And grace descending from on high  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n !  
By his obedience so compleat,  
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God ;  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. 8——13.

*A general song of praise to God.*

1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,  
There's none hath pow'r divine ;  
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring  
Their off'rings round thy throne :  
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,  
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet ;  
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,  
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite  
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue  
Shall those sweet wonders tell,  
How by thy grace my sinking soul  
Rose from the deeps of hell.

## P S A L M LXXXVII.

*The church the birth-place of the saints ; or, Je-  
and Gentiles united in the christian Church.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
Foundations for his heav'nly praise ;  
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,  
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house  
That pays their night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old ?  
What wonders are of *Zion* told ?  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.
- 4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,  
Shall there begin their lives anew :  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *First Part.*

*Long Metre.*

*The covenant made with Christ ; or, The true  
David.*

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
Mercy and truth for ever stand  
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son, he sware, and said,  
" With thee my cov'nant first is made,  
" In thee shall dying sinners live,  
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

" Be thou my prophet, thou my Priest ;  
 " Thy children shall be ever blest ;  
 " Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne,  
 " Shall stand eternal like my own.

" There's none of all my sons above  
 " So much my image or my love :  
 " Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,  
 " Then what can earth to thee compare ?

" *David*,<sup>3</sup> my servant, whom I chose ;  
 " To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
 " And rais'd him to the *Jewish* throne,  
 " Was but a shadow of my Son."

Now let the church rejoice and sing,  
 Jesus her Saviour and her King ;  
 Angels his heav'nly wonders show,  
 And saints declare his works below.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*The faithfulness of God.*

**M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show  
 The mercies of the Lord ;  
 And make succeeding ages know  
 How faithful is his word.

The sacred truths his lips pronounce  
 Shall firm as heav'n endure :  
 And if he speak a promise once,  
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

How long the race of *David* held  
 The promis'd *Jewish* throne !  
 But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd  
 To *David's* greater Son.

His seed forever shall possess  
 A throne above the skies ;  
 The meanest subject of his grace  
 Shall to that glory rise.

- 5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wond'rous ways  
Are sung by saints above,  
And saints on earth their honours raise  
To thy unchanging love.

P S A L M LXXXIX, ver. 7, &c.

*Second Part.*

*The power and majesty of God ; or, Reverential worship.*

- 1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord,  
His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his word.

- 2 How terrible thy glories be ;  
How bright thine armies shine !  
Where is the power that vies with thee ?  
Or truth compar'd to thine ?

- 3 The *Northern* pole and *Southern* rest  
On thy supporting hand ;  
Darkness and day from *East* to *West*  
Move round at thy command.

- 4 Thy word the raging winds controul,  
And rule the boist'rous deep !  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.

- 5 Heav'n, earth and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell ;  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine  
When *Egypt* durst rebel.

- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wond'rous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy join'd in one  
Invite us near thy face.

S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c.

*Third Part.*

*A blessed gospel.*

**B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives :  
G'el, thy King forever reigns,  
Thy God forever lives.

S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 19, &c.

*Fourth Part.*

*Christ's mediatorial kingdom ; or, His divine and human nature.*

**H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercy known :  
Sinners, behold, your help is laid  
“ On my almighty Son.”

hold the man my wisdom chose  
Among your mortal race !  
His head with holy oil o'erflows,  
The Spirit of my grace.

gh shall he reign on *David's* throne,  
My people's better King ;  
My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
And still new subjects bring.

truth shall guard him in his way,  
With mercy by his side,  
While in my name thro' earth and sea,  
He shall in triumph ride.

- 5 Me for his Father and his God,  
He shall forever own,  
Call me his rock, his high abode,  
And I'll support my Son.
- 6 My first-born Son array'd in grace,  
At my right hand shall sit;  
Beneath him angels know their place,  
And Monarchs at his feet.
- 7 My cov'nant stands forever fast,  
My promises are strong;  
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,  
His seed endure as long.

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 30. &c.

*Fifth Part.*

*The covenant of grace unchangeable; or, Affliction without rejection.*

- 1 **Y**ET (saith the Lord) if *David's* race,  
The children of my Son,  
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
And tempt mine anger down.
- 2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,  
And make their folly smart;  
But I'll not cease to be their God,  
Nor from my truth depart.
- 4 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
But keep my grace in mind;  
And what eternal love hath spoke,  
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn, (I need no more)  
And pledg'd my holiness,  
To seal the sacred promise sure  
To *David* and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,  
And spread from sea to sea,

Long as he travels round the skies  
To give the nations day.

- 6 Sure as the moon that rules the night,  
His kingdom shall endure,  
'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light  
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c.

*Sixth Part. Long Metre.*

*Mortality and hope.*

*A funeral Psalm.*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life, how short the date!  
Where is the man that draws his breath  
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
"Must death forever rage and reign!"  
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 Where is thy promise to the just?  
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?  
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honour of thy word:  
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c.

*Last Part. As the 113th Psalm,*

*Life, death, and the resurrection.*

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God on feeble man;  
How few his hours! how short his span!  
Short from the cradle to the grave!  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

- 2 Lord shall it be forever said,  
 " The race of man was only made  
 " For sickness, sorrow, and the dust !"  
 Are not thy servants day by day  
 Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay !  
 Lord where's thy kindness to the just ?
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,  
 And all his seed a heav'nly crown ?  
 But flesh and sense indulge despair :  
 Forever blessed be the Lord,  
 That faith can read his holy word,  
 And find a resurrection there.
- 4 Forever blessed be the Lord,  
 Who gives his saints a long reward,  
 For all their toil, reproach and pain :  
 Let all below, and all above,  
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,  
 And each repeat a loud Amen.

P S A L M XC. Long Metre.

*Man mortal, and God eternal.*

A mournful song at a funeral.

- 1 **T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,  
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode :  
 High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,  
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,  
 Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;  
 And long thy kingdom shall endure  
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,  
 Made up of guilt and vanity :  
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just.  
 Return, ye sinners, to the dust.
- 4 A thousand of our years amount  
 Scarce to a day in thine account,

Like yesterday's departed light,  
Or the last watch of ending night.]

## P A U S E.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;  
An empty tale ; a morning flow'r  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

[6 Our age to seventy years is set ;  
How short the term ! how frail the state !  
And if to eighty we arrivè,  
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But O ! how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years !  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread :  
We fear that pow'r that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
'Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M XC. 1—5. *First Part.*  
Common Metre.

*Man frail, and God eternal.*

1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure,  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth receiv'd her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
*Return, ye sons of men ;*  
 All nations rose from earth at first,  
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.
- [6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their lives and cares,  
 Are carry'd downwards by the flood,  
 And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all it's sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,  
 Pleas'd with the morning light ;  
 The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,  
 Lie with'ring e'er 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

P S A L M XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12.

*Second Part. Common Metre.*

*Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin ; or, Life,  
 old age, and preparation for death.*

- 1 **L** ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,  
 And justice grow severe,  
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
 And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;  
 By one offence to thee,

*Adam, with all his sons, have lost  
Their immortality.*

3 Life like a vain amusement flies;  
A fable or a song;  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To threescore years and ten;  
And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

[5 Our vitals with laborious strife  
Bear up the crazy load,  
And drag those poor remains of life  
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
And not thy wrath alone;  
O let our sweet experience prove  
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art  
T' improve the hours we have,  
That we may act the wiser part,  
And live beyond the grave.

P S A L M XC. ver. 13, &c. *Third Part.*  
Common Metre.

*Breathing after heaven.*

1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return;  
Earth is a tiresome place;  
How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease,  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
 Make thy own work complete ;  
 'Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
 And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
 In all thy beauty, Lord ;  
 And the poor service we have done  
 Meet a divine reward.

P S A L M XC. 5, 10, 12. Short Metro  
*The frailty and shortness of life.*

1 **L**ORD what a feeble piece  
 Is this our mortal frame ?  
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
 That scarce deserves the name.

2 Alas ! the brittle clay  
 That built our body first !  
 And ev'ry month and ev'ry day  
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,  
 Nor will our minutes stay ;  
 Just like a flood our hasty days  
 Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,  
 We'll keep their end in sight ;  
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
 And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
 This life's tempestuous sea :  
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
 Of blest eternity.

P S A L M XCI. 1—7. First Part.  
*Safety in public diseases and dangers.*

**H**E that hath made his refuge God,  
 Shall find a most secure abode ;

- Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r  
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r;  
" I that am form'd of feeble dust,  
" Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,  
Satan the fowler, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,  
From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
Under her feathers, so the Lord  
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life, his wings are spread  
To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath  
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,  
*Isr'el* is safe : the poison'd air  
Grows pure, if *Isr'el's* God be there.

P A U S E.

- 7 What tho' a thousand at thy side,  
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,  
Thy God his chosen people saves  
Among the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down,  
To make his wrath in *Egypt* known :  
And slew their sons, his careful eye  
Pass'd all the doors of *Jacob* by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord,

To strike his saints among the rest,  
 Their very pains and deaths are blest.

- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
 Shall but fulfil their best desire ;  
 From sins and sorrow set them free,  
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

*Protection from death, guard of angels, victory  
 and deliverance.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,  
 Expos'd to ev'ry snare,  
 Come make the Lord your dwelling place,  
 And try, and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;  
 Or if the plague come nigh,  
 And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
 'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
 Your feet in all their ways ;  
 To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
 And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall  
 And dash against the stones ;  
 Are they not servants at his call,  
 And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;  
 The tempter's wiles defeat ;  
 He that hath broke the serpent's head,  
 Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,  
 " I'll save them (saith the Lord)  
 " I'll bear their joyful souls above  
 " Destruction and the sword.

- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call ;  
 " In trouble I'll be nigh ;  
 " My pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
 " And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on earth my name have known  
 " I'll honour them in heav'n ;  
 " There my salvation shall be shown,  
 " And endless life be given."

P S A L M XCII. *First Part.**A Psalm for the Lord's day.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
 To shew thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like *David's* harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine !  
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,  
 Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath  
 Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 (my worst enemy before)  
 All vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor satan break my peace again,

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd, or wish'd below ;  
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCII. ver. 12. &c. *Second Part.*  
*The church is the garden of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thine hand  
Let me within thy courts be seen  
Like a young *Cedar*, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thy influence from above ;  
Not *Lebanon* with all its trees  
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live :  
(Nature decays but grace must thrive)  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew,  
The Lord is holy, just and true :  
None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

P S A L M XCIII. 1st Metre, as the  
100th Psalm.

*The eternal and sovereign God.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light ;  
Girded with majesty and might :  
The world created by his hands  
Still on its first foundation stands,
- 2 But e'er this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundations laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thy self the everliving God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies,

Vain floods, that aim their rage so high !  
At thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever shall thy throne endure ;  
Thy promise stands forever sure ;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

P S A L M XCIII. 2d Metre.

*As the Old 50th Psalm.* [high ;

**T**HE Lord of glory reigns ; he reigns on  
His robes of state are strength & majesty ;  
His wide creation rose at his command ;  
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand ;  
Long stood his throne e'er he began creation,  
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

God is th' eternal King : Thy foes in vain  
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign :  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,  
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;  
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild com-  
motion, {ocean.  
At heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling  
Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still ;  
And the mad world submissive to his will :  
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand ;  
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand ;  
See his own sons, when they appear before him,  
At his foot-stool, and with fear adore him.

P S A L M XCIII. 3d Metre, *as the Old*  
*122d Psalm.*

**T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crown'd ;  
Array'd in robes of light,  
Begirt with sov'reign might,  
And rays of majesty around.

- 2 Upheld by thy commands  
The world securely stands;  
And skies and stars obey thy word;  
Thy throne was fix'd on high,  
Before the starry sky;  
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar;  
In vain with angry spite  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their pow'rs engage,  
Let swelling tides assault the sky;  
The terrors of thy frown  
Shall beat their madness down;  
Thy throne forever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new;  
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;  
Thy saints with holy fear  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

*(Repeat the fourth stanza to compleat the tune.)*

P A L M XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*  
*Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, In-*  
*structive afflictions.*

- 1 **O** GOD! to whom revenge belongs,  
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;  
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"  
When will the fools be wise?  
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?  
Or blind, who made their eyes?

He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
 And they shall feel his pow'r ;  
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,  
 In some surprising hour.

But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
 Thou hast a gentler rod ;  
 Thy providences and thy book  
 Shall make them know their God.

Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
 And to his duty draw :  
 Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
 When they forget thy law.

But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
 Nor his own promise break ;  
 He pardons his inheritance  
 For their Redeemer's sake.

P S A L M XCIV. 16—23. *Second Part.*

*God our support and comfort ; or, deliverance  
 from temptation and persecution.*

**W**HO will arise and plead my right  
 Against my num'rous foes,  
 While earth and hell their force unite,  
 And all my hopes oppose.

Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
 Sustain'd my fainting head.

My life had now in silence dwelt,  
 My soul amongst the dead.

*Alas, my sliding feet !* I cry'd,  
 Thy promise was my prop ;

Thy grace stood constant by my side,  
 Thy spirit bore me up.

While multitudes of mournful thoughts  
 Within my bosom roll,

Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.

- 5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,  
 And frame pernicious laws ;  
 But God my refuge rules the skies,  
 He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud ;  
 Let bold blasphemers scoff ;  
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,  
 And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

*A psalm before prayer.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
 And in his strength rejoice ;  
 When his salvation is our theme,  
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
 And psalms of honour sing ;  
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
 How mean their nature seem,  
 Those gods on high, and gods below,  
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,  
 Lies in his spacious hand ;  
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,  
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
 Come kneel before his face ;  
 O may the creatures of his pow'r,  
 Be children of his grace.
- 6 Now is the time he bends his ear,  
 And waits for your request ;  
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear  
 " Ye shall not see my rest."

P S A L M XCV. Short Metre.

*A psalm before sermon.*

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing ;  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,  
 Come bow before the Lord ;  
 These are his works, and not our own :  
 He form'd us by his word.

To day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Be like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse  
 The language of his grace,  
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,  
 That unbelieving race.

The Lord in vengeance drest,  
 Will lift his hand and swear,  
 You that despise my promis'd rest,  
 Shall have no portion there."

P S A L M XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11.  
 Long Metre.

*Canaan lost through unbelief ; or, A warning  
 to delaying sinners.*

COME, let our voices join to raise  
 A sacred song of solemn praise :  
 God is a sov'reign King : rehearse  
 His honours in exalted verse.

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who fram'd our natures with his word :  
He is our shepherd ; we the sheep  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come let us hear his voice to-day,  
'The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew  
'The sin and plagues that *Isr'el* knew.
- 4 *Isr'el*, that saw his works of grace,  
Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;  
A faithless unbelieving brood,  
That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove !  
" Forget my pow'r, abuse my love ;  
" Since they despise my rest, I swear,  
" ' Their feet shall never enter there."
- [6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead ;  
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to *Zion's* heav'nly gates ;  
Believe, and taste the promis'd rest ;  
Obey and be forever blest.]

P S A L M XCVI. 1, 10, &c.

Common Metre.

*Christ's first and second coming.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;  
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne

- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy thro' the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in chearful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea :  
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God ;  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread,  
To see their Judge appear ?

P S A L M XCVI. As the 113th Psalm.

*The God of the Gentiles.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :  
His glory let the heathen know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his saving works proclaim.

- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord ;  
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;  
~~In Britain~~ is Jehovah known : *these deserts*  
Our worship shall no more be paid *(have*  
To gods which mortal hands have made  
Our Maker is our God alone.

He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,  
He made the shining worlds on high,  
And reigns complete in glory there :  
His beams are majesty and light ;

His beauties, how divinely bright !  
His temple how divinely fair !

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;  
'Then shall the race of man confess  
The beauty of his holiness,  
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

P S A L M XCVII. 1—5. *First Part.*  
*Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.*

- 1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns  
Praise him in evangelic strains ;  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown :  
But grace and truth support his throne :  
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs :  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
'The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with fore dismay  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :  
'Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

P S A L M XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*  
*Christ's incarnation.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn his name ;  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of Eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Saviour lies ;

Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high, and gods below.

- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound :  
But *Judah* shout, but *Sion* sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign king.

P S A L M XCVII. *Third Part.*

*Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns, exalted high,  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :  
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

- 2 O ye that love his holy name,  
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame ;  
He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.

- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,  
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honours of the Lord ;  
None but the soul that feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

P S A L M XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11.

*Common Metre.*

*Christ's incarnation and the last judgment.*

- 1 **Y**E islands of the *Northern* sea,  
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;  
His word like fire prepares his way,  
And mountains melt to plains.

- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,  
And makes the vallies rise ;

The humble soul enjoys his smiles,  
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim :  
The idol gods around  
Fill their own worshippers with shame,  
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth  
Make the Redeemer known ;  
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
And hills and seas retire :  
His children take their unknown flight,  
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown  
For saints in darkness here,  
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,  
And a rich harvest bear.

P S A L M XCVIII. *First Part.*

*Praise for the gospel.*

1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,  
New honours be address'd :  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to *Abrah'm* first,  
His truth fulfils his grace ;  
The *Gentiles* make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim  
With all her different tongues,  
And spread the honours of his name  
In melody and songs.

P S A L M XCVIII. *Second Part.**The Messiah's coming and kingdom.*

- 1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come,  
 Let earth receive her King ;  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
 And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;  
 Let men their songs employ ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
 He comes to make his blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

P S A L M XCIX. *First Part.**Christ's kingdom and majesty.*

- 1 **T**HE God Jehovah reigns,  
 Let all the nations fear,  
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
 And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns !  
 Let earth adore its Lord ;  
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In *Zion* is his throne,  
 His honours are divine ;  
 His church shall make his wonders known,  
 For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name !  
 How terrible his praise !

Justice, and truth, and judgments join  
In all his works of grace.

P S A L M XCIX. *Second Part.*

*A holy God worshipped with reverence.*

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet ;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When *Isr'el* was his church,  
When *Aaron* was his priest,  
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,  
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race ;  
And oft he made his vengeance known  
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same ;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

P S A L M C. *First Metre.*

*A plain translation.*

*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King,  
Serve him with chearful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;  
We are his work, and not our own ;  
'The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair,  
And make it your divine employ,  
To pay your thankful honours there.

- 4 The Lord is good ; the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

P S A L M C. Second Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice ;  
Let ev'ry land his name adore ;  
The *British* isles shall send the noise  
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone :  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,  
Made us of clay and form'd us men :  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love ;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CI. Long Metre.

*The magistrates psalm.*

**M**ERCY and judgment are my song !  
And since they both to thee belong.

- My gracious God, my righteous King,  
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,  
I'll take my counsels from thy word ;  
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace  
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
And let my God with me reside ;  
No wicked thing shall dwell with me  
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife  
Shall be companions of my life ;  
The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- [ 5 I'll search the land, and raise the just  
To posts of honour, wealth and trust ;  
The men that work thy holy will,  
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still. ]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;  
And while the innocent I guard,  
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew, that factious band,  
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;  
And all that break the public rest,  
Where I have power shall be suppress'd.

P S A L M CI. Common Metre.

*A psalm for a master of a family.*

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
And pay my God my vows ;  
'Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,  
'Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God repair,  
And make thy servant wise ;

- I'll suffer nothing near me there  
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,  
By falshood or by force,  
The scornful eye, the stand'rows tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy ;  
These are the friends that I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in fly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night :  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee ;  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.

P S A L M CII. 1—13. 20, 21. *First Part.*

*A prayer of the afflicted.*

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,  
But answer, lest I die :  
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,  
To hear when sinners cry.
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air ;  
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass  
Burnt with excessive heat :  
In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top,  
The sparrow tells her moan,

Far from the tents of joy and hope  
I set and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,  
Where beasts of midnight howl ;  
'There the sad raven finds her place,  
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears  
Dwell in my troubled breast :  
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast ;  
My daily bread like ashes grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel thy frown ;  
Lord 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,  
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear ;  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,  
That vanish into night.

10 But thou forever art the same,  
O my eternal God ;  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,  
That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,  
And by mysterious ways  
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,  
And fills their tongues with praise.

P S A L M CII. 13. 21. *Second Part.*  
*Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

- 1 **L**ET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,  
 Behold the promis'd hour :  
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
 And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,  
 Are precious in our eyes ;  
 Those ruins shall be built again,  
 And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,  
 And stand in glory there ;  
 Nations shall bow before his name,  
 And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,  
 With pity in his eyes :  
 He hears the dying pris'ners groan,  
 And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,  
 And when his saints complain,  
 It shan't be said " that praying breath  
 " Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,  
 And left on long record,  
 That ages yet unborn may read,  
 And trust and praise the Lord.

P S A L M CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*  
*Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity : Of*  
*Saints die, but Christ and the Church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
 Weakens our strength amidst the race ;  
 Disease and death at his command  
 Arrest us and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
 Nor let our sun go down at noon ;

Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon ?

- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage :  
“ Our Father and our Saviour live ;  
“ Christ is the same thro’ ev’ry age.”

- 4 ’Twas he this earth’s foundation laid ;  
Heav’n is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade,  
And all be chang’d at his command.

- 5 The starry curtains of the sky  
Like garments shall be laid aside :  
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church forever must abide.

- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
‘This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais’d again.

P S A L M CIII. 1—7. *First Part.*  
Long Metre.

*Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy tho’ts that rove abroad,  
Let all the pow’rs within me join,  
In work and worship so divine.

- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise,  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

- 3 ’Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels,  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;  
His mercy crowns our growing years :  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,  
And often gives the suff'ers rest :  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.
- [7 His pow'r he shew'd by *Moses'* hands,  
And gave to *Isr'el* his commands ;  
But sent his truth and mercy down  
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,  
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;  
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join,  
In work and worship so divine.]

P S A L M CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.*  
Long Metre.

*God's gentle chastisement ; or, His tender mercy  
to his people.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways ?  
How firm his truth ! how large his grace !  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd  
The rising morning from the *W.*

As his forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those he loves.

- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !  
On swifter wings salvation flies :  
And if he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;  
His strokes are lighter than our sins,  
And while his rod corrects his saints,  
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise  
With gentle hands and melting eyes :  
The children weep beneath the smart,  
And move the pity of their heart.

## P A U S E.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,  
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;  
And will no heavy loads impose  
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- He knows how soon our nature dies,  
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies :  
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,  
As morning flow'rs, that fade at noon.

- 9 But his eternal love is sure  
To all the saints, and shall endure :  
From age to age his truth shall reign,  
Nor children's children hope in vain.

P S A L M CIII. 1—7. *First Part.*  
Short Metre.

*Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.*

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favours are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransom'd from the grave ;  
He that redeem'd my soul from hell  
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the suff'ers rest ;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for th' oppress'd.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways  
He made by *Moses* known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

P S A L M CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.*  
Short Metre.

*Abounding compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the  
midst of judgment.*

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whole anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,

So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love  
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath :  
His anger like a rising wind  
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flow'r ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassion, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

P S A-L M CIII. 19—22. *Third Part.*  
Short Metre.

God's *universal dominion* ; or, *Angels praise*  
*the Lord.*

1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,  
Hath fix'd his throne on high ;  
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice you hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait  
 The orders of their King,  
 And guard his churches when they pray,  
 Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works  
 Thro' his vast kingdom shew  
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,  
 Shall sing his graces too.

## P S A L M CIV.

*The glory of God in creation and providence.*

1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;  
 When cloath'd in his celestial rays  
 He in full majesty appears,  
 And like a robe his glory wears.

*Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the  
 old 112th, or 127th psalm, by adding these  
 two lines to every stanza, viz.*

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame  
 An equal honour to his name ?

*(Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.)*

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread ;  
 Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,  
 Clouds are his chariot, when he flies  
 On winged storms a-cross the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
 His ministers are flaming fires ;  
 And swift as thought their armies move,  
 To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The worlds foundations by his hand  
 Are pois'd, and shall forever stand ;  
 He binds the ocean in his chain,  
 Lest it should drown the world again.

- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,  
And in their channels walk their round ;  
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,  
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow ;  
And cheers the vallies as they go,  
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,  
And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,  
The lark and linnet light to drink :  
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
And chide our silence in his praise.

## P A U S E I.

- 9 God from his cloudy cistern pours  
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs ;  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,  
And gives the cattle large supplies ;  
With herbs for man of various pow'r,  
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce,  
The olive yields a shining juice,  
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,  
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed  
With nature's chief supporter, bread :  
While bread your vital strength imparts,  
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

## P A U S E II.

3 Behold the stately cedar stands  
Rais'd in the forest by his hands :  
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,  
And build their nests secure on high,

4 To craggy hills ascends the goat ;  
And at the airy mountain's foot  
The feebl' creatures make their cell ;  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell,

5 He sets the sun his circling race,  
Appoints the moon to change her face ;  
And when thick darkness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

6 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And roaring, ask their meat from God ;  
But when the morning beams arise,  
The savage beast to covert flies.

7 Then man to daily labour goes :  
The night was made for his repose :  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

8 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !  
And ev'ry land thy riches fill :  
Thy wisdom round the world we see,  
This spacious earth is full of thee.

9 Nor less thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep,  
With wond'rous motions swift or slow,  
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

10 There ships divide their wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;  
There dwells the huge Leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.

P A U S E III.

- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stand  
Waiting their portion of thy hand.
- 22 While each receives his diff'rent food,  
Their chearful looks pronounce it good :  
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,  
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And dying to their dust return ;  
Both man and beast their souls resign ;  
Life, breath and spirit, all is thine.
- 24 Yet thou can'st breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honour'd with his own delight :  
How awful are his glorious ways !  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants of sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet ;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
'Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accurst,  
Their glory bury'd with the dust,  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

## P S A L M CV. Abridged.

God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,  
And tell the world his grace :  
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,  
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind  
For num'rous ages past,  
To num'rous ages yet behind,  
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to *Abr'ham* and his seed,  
And made the blessing sure ;  
*Gentiles* the ancient promise read,  
And find his truth endure.

4 " Thy seed shall make all nations blest,  
(Said the almighty voice)  
" And *Canaan's* land shall be their rest,  
" The type of heav'nly joys."

[5 How large the grant ! how rich the grace !  
To give them *Canaan's* land,  
When they were strangers in the place,  
A little feeble band !

6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round,  
Securely they remov'd,  
And haughty kings that on them frown'd,  
Severely he reprov'd.

7 " Touch mine anointed, and my arm  
" Shall soon revenge the wrong ;  
" The man that does my prophets harm  
" Shall know their God is strong."

8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear ;  
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.]*

## P A U S E I.

- 9 When *Pharoah* dar'd to vex the saints,  
And thus provok'd their God ;  
*Moses* was sent at their complaints,  
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness ; darkness came,  
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;  
He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry stream,  
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies  
Thro' the whole country spread ;  
And frogs in croaking armies rise  
About the monarch's bed.
- 12 Thro' fields and towns, and palaces,  
The tenfold vengeance flew ;  
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,  
And hail their cattle flew ;
- 13 And by an angel's midnight stroke  
The flow'r of *Egypt* dy'd ;  
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,  
Their glory and their pride.
- 14 Now let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear :  
*Isr'el* must live through ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

## P A U S E II.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,  
And left the hated ground ;  
Each some *Egyptian* spoils had got,  
And not one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journies right,  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

- 17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock.  
In rich abundance flow ;  
And foll'wing still the course they took,  
Ran all the desert through.
- 18 O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type !  
Of ever-flowing grace !  
So Christ our rock maintains our life  
Thro' all this wilderness.
- 19 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand,  
The chosen tribes possiest  
*Canaan*, the rich, the promis'd land,  
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,  
The church renounce her fear ;  
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,  
And be th' almighty's care.*

P S A L M CVI. 1—5. *First Part.**Praise to God ; or, Communion with saints.*

- 1 **T**O God the great, the ever blest,  
Let songs of honour be address'd ;  
His mercy firm for ever stands ;  
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?  
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,  
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did  
For *Jacob's* race, thy chosen seed ;  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice !  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

## P S A L M CVI. 7, 8, 12—14. 43—48.

*Second Part.*

*Israel punished and pardoned ; or, God's unchangeable love.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways !  
And yet how oft did *Isr'el* prove  
Thy constancy of grace !
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,  
And then thy praise they sung ;  
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,  
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,  
While rocks with rivers flow !  
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,  
And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,  
He hearken'd to their groans,  
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,  
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,  
He sav'd them from their foes :  
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook  
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let *Isr'el* bless the Lord,  
Who lov'd their ancient race ;  
And *Christians* join the solemn word,  
*Amen* to all the praise.

P S A L M CVII. *First Part.*

*Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; he reigns above ;  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love :  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord,  
The wonders of his grace record ;  
*Isr'el*, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- [3 When God's almighty arm had broke  
Their fetters and th' *Egyptian* yoke,  
They trac'd the desert wand'ring round  
A wild and solitary ground !
- 4 There they could find no leading road,  
Nor city for a fix'd abode ;  
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage  
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd ;  
God was their Saviour and their guide ;  
He led their march far wand'ring round ;  
'Twas the right path to *Canaan's* ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain  
From sin's old yoke, and satan's chain,  
We have this desert world to pass,  
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and cloaths us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,  
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,  
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord !  
How great his works ! how kind his ways.  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P. S A L M CVII. *Second Part.*

*Correction for sin, and release by prayer.*

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name,  
God and his grace are still the same ;  
He fills the hungry soul with food,  
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise  
Against the God that rules the skies,  
If they reject his heav'nly word,  
And slight the counsels of the Lord ;
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
And no deliv'rer shall be found ;  
Laden with grief they waste their breath  
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He makes the dawning light arise,  
And scatters all the dismal shade  
That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of iron in two,  
And lets the smiling pris'ners through ;  
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !  
How great his works ! how kind his ways !  
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Third Part.*

*Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, A psalm  
for the glutton and the drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment ;  
What pains, what loathsome maladies  
From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste ;  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste :  
'Till all his active pow'rs are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat,  
His soul abhors delicious meat ;  
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,  
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly  
To God for help with earnest cry !  
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,  
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure  
So quick, so easy, or so sure :  
The deadly sentence God repeals,  
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord,  
And let their thankful off'rings prove  
How they adore their Maker's love.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre,  
*Deliverance from storms and shipwreck ; or, The*  
*seaman's song.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the mariners and trace  
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favour of the wind ;  
'Till God commands, and tempests rise,  
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,  
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;  
What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :  
His merc' hears their loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage ;  
'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wish'd to be.

- 6 O may the sons of men record  
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !  
 Let them their private off'rings bring,  
 And in the church his glory sing.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part.*

Common Metre.

*The mariner's psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
 Thy wonders in the deeps,  
 The sons of courage shall record,  
 Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
 And swell the tow'ring waves ;  
 The men astonish'd mount the skies,  
 And sink in gaping graves.
- [3 Again they climb the wat'ry hills,  
 And plunge in deeps again :  
 Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,  
 And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,  
 They pant with flutt'ring breath ;  
 And hopeless of the distant shore,  
 Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries ;  
 He hears the loud request,  
 And orders silence through the skies,  
 And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
 And see the storm allay'd :  
 Now to their eyes the port appears ;  
 There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;  
 Let stupid mortals know,  
 That waves are under his command,  
 And all the winds that blow,

- 8 O that the sons of men would praise  
 The goodness of the Lord !  
 And those that see thy wond'rous ways  
 Thy wond'rous love record !

P S A L M CVII. *Last Part.*

*Colonies planted ; or, Nations blest and punished.*  
*A psalm for New-England.*

- 1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,  
 Scourges the madness of the times,  
 He turns their fields to barren sand,  
 And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,  
 And make the wither'd mountains green,  
 Send show'ry blessings from the skies,  
 And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
 Or men as fierce and wild as they,  
 He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,  
 And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,  
 Whose yearly fruit supplies their want :  
 Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,  
 Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,  
 He lets the heathen nations in ;  
 A savage crew invades their lands,  
 Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,  
 Wander unpity'd and forlorn :  
 The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,  
 And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humble nation mourns,  
 Again his dreadful hand he turns ;  
 Again he makes their cities thrive,  
 And bids the dying churches live.]

- 8 The righteous with a joyful sense  
 Admire the works of providence ;  
 And tongues of atheists shall no more  
 Blaspheme the God that saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record  
 These wond'rous dealings of the Lord !  
 But wise observers still shall find  
 The Lord is holy, just and kind.

P S A L M CIX. v. 1—5, 31.

*Love to enemies from the example of Christ.*

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,  
 Thy glory is my song ;  
 Tho' sinners speak against thy grace  
 With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
 Thy Son on earth was found,  
 With cruel slanders false and vain  
 They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,  
 Their peace he still pursu'd ;  
 They render hatred for his love,  
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause ;  
 Yet, with his dying breath,  
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
 And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
 In vain before my eyes ?  
 Give me a soul a-kin to thine,  
 To love my enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,  
 And in my Saviour's name,  
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,  
 Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Christ exalted, and multitudes converted ; or, The  
success of the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake  
To Christ the Son ; “ Ascend and sit  
“ At my right-hand, ’till I shall make  
“ Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 “ From *Zion* shall thy word proceed,  
“ Thy word, the scepter in thy hand,  
“ Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
“ And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 “ That day shall shew thy pow’r is great,  
“ When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
“ And sinners croud thy temple gate,  
“ Where holiness in beauty shines.”
- 4 O blessed pow’r ! O glorious day !  
What a large vict’ry shall ensue !  
And converts, who thy grace obey,  
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

P S A L M CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea  
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore ;  
“ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
“ And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 “ *Aaron* and all his sons must die :  
“ But everlasting life is thine,  
“ To save for ever those that fly  
“ For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 “ By me *Melchisedek* was made  
“ On earth a king and priest at once ;  
“ And thou, my heav’nly Priest, shalt plead ;  
“ And thou, my King, shall rule my sons.”

- 4 Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,  
While counsels of eternal peace,  
Between the Father and the Son,  
Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,  
And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel :  
Then shall he judge the rising dead,  
And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,  
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,  
The sufferings of that dreadful day,  
Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.

*Christ's kingdom and Priesthood.*

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near thy Father sit ;  
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,  
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The num'rous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore ;  
" Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
" When Aaron is no more.
- 4 " *Milchisedek*, that wond'rous priest,  
" That King of high degree,  
" That holy man, who *Abr'ham* blest,  
" Was but a type of thee."
- 5 Jesus our priest for ever lives  
To plead for us above ;  
Jesus our King for ever gives  
The blessings of his love.

- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,  
And his high throne maintain,  
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead  
Who dare oppose his reign.

P S A L M CXI. *First Part.**The Wisdom of God in his works.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my almighty God ;  
He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.

- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought!  
How glorious in our sight,  
And men in every age have fought  
His wonders with delight.

- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !  
How wise th' eternal mind !  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts design'd.

- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :  
The orders that his lips pronounce,  
To endless years endure.

- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name ?

- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill ;  
And he's the wisest of our race  
That best obeys thy will.

P S A L M CXI. *Second Part.**The perfections of God.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord : his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs :

Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his children food ;  
And ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his cov'nant sure :  
Holy and rev'rend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,  
Must with his fear begin ;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating ev'ry sin.

P S A L M CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

*The blessings of the liberal man.*

1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd ;  
His house the seat of wealth shall be,  
An inexhausted treasury,  
And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends :  
A gen'rous pity fills his mind :  
Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs,  
And thus he's just to ail mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,  
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;  
The sweet remembrance of the just,  
Like a green root revives and bears  
A train of blessings for his heirs,  
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground,  
His conscience holds his courage up ;  
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in afflictions night,  
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

## P A U S E.

- [5 Ill tidings never can surprise,  
The heart that fix'd on God relies,  
Tho' waves and tempests roar around :  
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees  
The shipwreck of his enemies,  
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,  
And gnash their teeth in agony,  
To find their expectations cross'd ;  
They and their envy, pride and spite,  
Sink down to everlasting night,  
And all their names in darkness lost.]

## P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

*The blessings of the pious and charitable.*

- T**HREE happy man who fears the Lord,  
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;  
Honour and peace his days attend,  
And blessings to his seed descend.

- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,  
To works of mercy still inclin'd :  
He lends the poor some present aid,  
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread  
That fill his neighbours round with dread,  
His heart is arm'd against the fear,  
For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul well-fix'd upon the Lord,  
Draws heav'nly courage from his word :

Amidst the darkness, light shall rise,  
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,  
His works are still before his God :  
His name on earth shall long remain,  
While envious sinners fret in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

*Liberality rewarded.*

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,  
And follows his commands,  
Who lends the poor without reward,  
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast  
To all the sons of need ;  
So God shall answer his request  
With blessings on his seed.

- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise  
His well establish'd mind ;  
His soul to God his Refuge flies,  
And leaves his fears behind.

- 4 In times of general distress  
Some beams of light shall shine,  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And give him peace divine.

- 5 His works of piety and love  
Remain before the Lord ;  
Honour on earth, and joys above,  
Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper Tune.

*The majesty and condescension of God.*

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,  
The honours of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless :

Where e'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams, or setting rays,  
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

- 2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,  
Can give his vast dominion bounds;  
The heav'ns are far below his height;  
Let no created greatness dare  
With our eternal God compare,  
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

- 3 He bows his glorious head to view  
What the bright hosts of angels do,  
And bends his care to mortal things;  
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,  
He takes the needy from the door,  
And makes them company for kings.

- 4 When childless families despair,  
He sends the blessing of an heir,  
To rescue their expiring name;  
The mother with a thankful voice  
Proclaims his praises and her joys;  
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

P S A L M CXIII. Long Metre.

*God sovereign and gracious.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,  
In ev'ry age his praises sing:  
Where-e'er the sun shall rise or set,  
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
Stands his high throne of majesty;  
Nor time, nor place his pow'r restrain,  
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of *Adam* dare,  
Or angels with their God compare?  
His glories how divinely bright,  
Who dwells in uncreated light!

- 4 Behold his love ; he stoops to view  
 What saints above and angels do ;  
 And condescends yet more to know  
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,  
 His grace exalts the humble poor ;  
 Gives them the honour of his sons,  
 And fits them for his heav'nly thrones.
- [6 A word of his creating voice  
 Can make the barren house rejoice :  
 Tho' *Sarah's* ninety years were past,  
 The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,  
 And tells the wonders God has done :  
 Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;  
 If nature fails, the promise bears.]

## P S A L M CXIV.

*Miracles attending Israel's journey.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharoah's* hand,  
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
 The tribes with cheerful homage own  
 Their King, and *Judah* was his throne.
- 2 A-cross the deep their journey lay ;  
 The deep divides to make them way :  
*Jordan* beheld their march, and fled  
 With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,  
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap :  
 Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,  
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- What pow'r could make the deep divide ?  
 Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide ?  
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?  
 And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels ?

- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,  
Retire and know th' approaching God,  
The King of *Ifr'el*; see him here;  
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools he turns;  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

## P S A L M CXV. First Metre.

*The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reprov'd.*

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due,  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name:  
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue  
Insult us, and to raise our shame,  
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne  
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,  
Thro' all the earth his will is done,  
He knows our groans, he hears our cries,
- 4 But the vain idols they adore  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;  
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
A silver saint, or golden god.
- [5 With eyes and ears they carve their head;  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;  
In vain are costly off'rings made,  
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray,  
Mortals that pay them fear or love,  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest ;  
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,  
They dwell in silence in the grave ;  
But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

P S A L M CXV. Second Me're.

As the new tune of the 50th Psalm.

*Popish Idolatry reprov'd.*

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

1 **N**OT to our names, thou only just and true,  
Not to our worthless names is glory due :

Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim  
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name.

Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,  
Nor let the heathens say, *And where's your God.*

2 Heav'n is thine higher court : there stands thy  
throne,

And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done ;  
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns  
he spread,

But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;  
The kneeling croud with looks devout behold  
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

[3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears ;  
The molten image neither sees nor hears ;  
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,  
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r,  
nor love ;

Yet foolish mortals make their long complaints  
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold ;  
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,

With tools of iron carve the senseless stock  
 Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock :  
 People and priest drive on the solemn trade,  
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd ! 'tis hard to say,  
 Which is more stupid, or their gods, or they.  
 O *Isr'el* trust the Lord ; he hears and sees,  
 He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace :  
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield ;  
 He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.

6 O *Britain*, trust the Lord ; thy foes in vain,  
 Attempt thy ruin, and oppose thy reign ;  
 Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,  
 And death and silence had forbid his praise :  
 But we are sav'd, and live ; let songs arise,  
 And *Britain* bless the God that built the skies.

P S A L M CXVI. *First Part.*

*Recovery from sickness.*

1 I LOVE the Lord ; he heard my cries,  
 And pity'd ev'ry groan :  
 Long as I live, when troubles rise  
 I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord : he bow'd his ear,  
 And chas'd my griefs away :  
 O let my heart no more despair,  
 While I have breath to pray !

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,  
 And I drew near the dead,  
 While inward pangs and fears of hell  
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,  
 " Thou ever good and just ;  
 " Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,  
 " Thy pow'r is all my trust."

- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,  
 He bid my pains remove :  
 Return, my soul, to God thy Rest,  
 For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
 And dry'd my falling tears :  
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
 And my remaining years.

P S A L M CXVI. *ver. 12, &c. Second Part.*

*Vows made in trouble paid in the church : or,  
 Public thanks for private deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God  
 For all his kindness shown ?  
 My feet shall visit thine abode,  
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house  
 My off'rings shall be paid ;  
 There shall my zeal perform the vows  
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
 Thou ever-blessed God !  
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
 How precious is their blood ?
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life which thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move :  
 Thy hand hath loes'd my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

*Praise to God from all nations.*

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations praise the Lord,  
Each with a different tongue ;  
In every language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land ;  
Proclaim his grace abroad ;  
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;  
Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
'Till sun shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,  
Shall sound thro' distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word :  
Thy truth forever stands.

- 2 Far be thine honour spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
'Till morning-light and ev'ning shade  
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. First Part. 6—15.

*Deliverance from a Tumult.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my Helper now,  
Nor is my faith afraid

What all the sons of earth can do,  
Since heav'n affords its aid.

- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,  
And have my God my Friend,  
Than trust in men of high degree,  
And on their truth depend.

- 3 Like bees, my foes beset me round,  
A large and angry swarm ;  
But I shall all their rage confound,  
By thine almighty arm.

- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,  
In him my lips rejoice ;  
While his salvation is my song,  
How cheerful is my voice !

- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round ;  
When God appears, they fly :  
So burning thorns with crackling sound  
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

- 6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs ;  
The Lord protects their ways :  
Let *Isr'el* tune immortal songs  
To his almighty grace.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Second Part.* 17—21.

*Public praise for deliverance from death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,  
And rescu'd from the grave :  
Now shall he live ; (and none can die,  
If God resolve to save.)

- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,  
Shall fill his daily breath ;  
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,  
Defends him still from death.

- 3 Open the gates of *Zion* now,  
For we shall worship there,

The house where all the righteous go  
Thy mercy to declare.

- 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints  
Our thankful voice we raise ;  
There we have told thee our complaints,  
And there we speak thy praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Third Part.* 22, 23.

*Christ the Foundation of the Church.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone  
Which God in *Zion* lays,  
'To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore his name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood ?  
Yet must this building rise :  
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,  
And wond'rous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* 24, 25, 26.

*Hosanna ; the Lord's-day ; or, Christ's resurrection, and our salvation.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround thy throne.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead ;  
And satan's empire fell ;

To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

3 *Hosanna* to th' anointed King,  
To *David's* holy Son :  
Help us. O Lord ; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

5 *Hosanna* in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise :  
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. 22—27.

Short Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's-day ; or, A new  
song of salvation by Christ.*

1 SEE what a living Stone  
The builders did refuse ;  
Yet God hath built his church thereon  
In spite of envious *Jews*.

2 The scribe and angry priest,  
Reject thine only Son :  
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest  
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wond'rous in our eyes :  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray :  
Let all the church be glad.

- 5 *Hosanna* to the King,  
Of *David's* royal blood ;  
Bless him ye saints, he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,  
Which all this grace displays ;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

## P S A L M CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's-day ; or, A new  
song of salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious corner-stone  
The *Jewish* builders did refuse :  
But God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envy and the *Jews*.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;  
This is the day that proves it thine,  
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad :  
*Hosanna*, let his name be blest,  
A thousand honours on his head,  
With peace, and light, and glory rest !
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring  
Salvation to our dying race :  
Let the whole church address their King  
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

## P S A L M CXIX.

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses  
of this psalm under eighteen different heads, and  
formed a divine song upon each of them ; but  
the verses are much transposed, to attain some  
degree of connection.

In some places, among the words, law, commands,  
judgments, testimonies, I have used gospel,

word, grace, truth, promises, &c. as more agreeable to the New-Testament, and the common language of christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scriptures.]

P S A L M CXIX. *First Part.*

*The blessedness of the saints, and the misery of sinners.*

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

**B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean ;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry sin.

Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When-all thy statutes I obey,  
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

But haughty sinners God will hate,  
The proud shall die accurst ;  
The sons of falshood and deceit  
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119. 155.

Vile as the dross the wicked are,  
And those that leave thy ways

Shall see salvation from afar,  
But never taste thy grace.

P S A L M CXIX. *Second Part.*

*Secret devotions and spiritual meditations ; or,  
Constant converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O thee before the dawning light,  
My gracious God I pray ;  
I meditate thy name by night,  
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,  
Thy promise bears me up !  
And while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee,  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind ;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. *Third Part.*

*Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.*

Ver. 57, 60.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God ;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

- 2 I chuse the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice :

Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy paths,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

- 9 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord ;  
Thou art my shield, my hiding place ;  
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil ;  
And thus 'till mortal life shall end,  
Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

*Instruction from scripture.*

Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ;  
Thy word the choicest rules impart  
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise :  
I hate the sinners road :  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- [6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,  
The earth maintains her place ;  
And these thy servants night and day  
Thy skill and pow'r express.

- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine :  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is ev'ry page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

*Delight in scripture ; or, The word of God  
dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

**O** HOW I love thy holy law,  
'Tis daily my delight ;

And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate thy word ;  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage !  
How well employ my tongue !  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,  
Yields me an heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home :  
'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
Not honey dropping from the comb,  
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refin'd,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

*Holiness and comfort from the sword.*

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
And all thy statutes just,  
Thence I maintain a constant fight  
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;  
 I keep thy law in sight,  
 Through all the bus'ness of the day,  
 To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,  
 " How sweet thy comforts be ;"  
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
 And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,  
 At some good word of thine,  
 Not mighty men that share the spoil,  
 Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventh Part.**Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.*

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the *heathen* writers join  
 To form one perfect book ;  
 Great God, if once compar'd with thine,  
 How mean their writings look.
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
 Could shew one sin forgiv'n :  
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;  
 But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call  
 Perfection here below ;  
 How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
 And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,  
 By works their hands have wrought ;  
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
 Extend to ev'ry thought.

- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,  
 While sin defiles our frame ;  
 And sinks our virtues down so far,  
 They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace  
 Fall far below thy word ;  
 But perfect truth and righteousness.  
 Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eighth Part*

*The word of God is the saint's portion ; or, The excellency and variety of Scripture.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage ;  
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While thro' the promises I rove  
 With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise,  
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
 And hidde'n glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
 It makes our sorrows blest ;  
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
 And our eternal rest.

P S A L M CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

*Desire of knowledge ; or, The teachings of the Spirit with the word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
 How good thy works appear !

Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,  
My service is thy due;  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid,  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess my wand'ring ways,  
Thou heard'st my soul complain;  
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,  
And heav'nly truth impart,  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief;  
It made me learn thy word the more,  
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

[7 In vain the proud deride me now;  
I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
Nor let that blessed gospel go  
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways;

My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal  
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

P S A L M CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

*Pleading the promises.*

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy fear ;  
Remember and confirm thy word,  
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,  
And promis'd quick'ning grace ?  
Doth not my heart address thy throne ?  
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail ;  
O bear thy servant up ;  
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,  
Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord ?  
Then let thy truth appear :  
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*

*Breathing after holiness.*

Ver. 5, 33.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart ?

Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 36, 37.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road :  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

P S A L M CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*

*Breathing after comfort and deliverance.*

Ver. 153.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause ;  
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,  
Which I so justly fear ;  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Nor let my shame appear.

W

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress,  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

- 4 My eyes with expectation fail,  
My heart within me cries,  
*When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
And make my comforts rise ?*

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,  
And shew thy grace the same,  
As thou art ever wont t' afford  
To those that love thy name.

P S A L M CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.**Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.*

Ver. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy  
O let me never stray [face  
From thy commands, O God of grace,  
Nor tread the sinners way.

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,  
Who fear and love the Lord ;  
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,  
My spirit stands in awe ;

My soul abhors a lying tongue,  
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears  
The threat'nings of thy word ;  
My flesh with holy trembling fears  
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait  
For thy salvation still ;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.*

*Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.*

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliv'rance send ;  
My soul for thy salvation faints ;  
When will my troubles end ?

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my father's rod ;  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy  
When new distress begins :  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
 Tho' they may seem severe ;  
 The sharpest sufferings I endure  
 Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,  
 My feet were apt to stray ;  
 But now I learn to keep thy word,  
 Nor wander from thy way.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.**Holy resolutions.*

Ver. 93.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour  
 Might dwell upon my mind !  
 Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
 And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,  
 Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
 If thou my heart discharge  
 From sin and satan's hateful chains,  
 And set my feet at large !

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
 Thy statutes and thy name ;  
 I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,  
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise  
 To rob me of my light,

Let pride and malice forge their lies,  
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
Whose hands and hearts are ill !  
I love my God, I love his ways,  
And must obey his will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.*

*Prayer for quickening grace.*

Ver. 25, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;  
Lord, give me life divine ;  
From vain desires and ev'ry lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Thy word that I have rested on  
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,  
And thou a faithful God ?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heav'nly road ?

Ver. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face !  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enliv'ning grace !

Ver. 93.

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r  
To draw me near the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

*Courage and perseverance under persecution ; or,  
Grace shining in difficulties and trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord;  
All my support is from thy word :  
My soul dissolves for heaviness ;  
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,  
They watch my feet with envious eyes,  
And tempt my soul to snares and sin ;  
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
They hate to see me love thy laws ;  
But I will trust and fear thy name,  
'Till pride and malice die with shame.

P S A L M CXIX. *Last Part.*

*Sanctified afflictions ; or, delight in the word  
of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !  
2 Foolish and vain I went astray,  
E'er I had felt thy scourges, Lord,  
I lost my guide, and lost my way,  
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the *South*,  
Or *Western* hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy spirit form'd my soul within ;  
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,  
At my salvation shall rejoice ;  
For I have hoped in thy word,  
And made thy grace my only choice.

## P S A L M CXX.

*Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours ; or, A devout wish for peace.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blest,  
Pity my suff'ring state ;  
When wilt thou set my soul at rest  
From lips that love deceit ?

- 2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast  
Among the sons of strife,  
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste  
My golden hours of life.

- 3 O might I fly to change my place,  
How would I choose to dwell  
In some wild lonesome wilderness,  
And leave these gates of hell !

- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
How lovely are its charms !  
I am for peace ; but when I speak,  
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,  
And keep their malice strong :  
What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
O thou devouring tongue !
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',  
Strict justice would approve ;  
But I had rather spare my foe,  
And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M CXXI. Long Metre.

*Divine protection.*

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood,  
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day,  
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while *Isr'el* sleeps.
- 4 *Isr'el*, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprize.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch : no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

- 6 Should earth and hell with málíce burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord ; his heav'nly care  
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r ;  
And in thy last departing hour,  
Angels, that trace the airy road,  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

## P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

*Preservation by day and night.*

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes :  
There all my hopes are laid,  
The Lord that built the earth and skies,  
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,  
Whom he designs to keep ;  
His ear attends the softest call ;  
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs  
With his almighty arm,  
And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprising harm.
- 4 *Isr'el* rejoice, and rest secure,  
Thy keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r  
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have his leave to smite ;  
He shields thy head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come ;  
Go, and return secure from death,  
'Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

*God our preserver.*

1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid :  
The God that built the skies,  
And earth and nature made :  
God is the tow'r  
To which I fly ;  
His grace is high  
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep,  
Shall *Isr'el* keep  
When dangers rise,

3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blast of ev'ning air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there :  
'Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
'To guard my head  
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save my soul from death ?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath.  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
'Till from on high  
Thou call me home.

## P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

*Going to Church.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
*In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day?*
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road :  
The church adorn'd with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown  
The holy tribes repair ;  
The Son of *David* holds his throne.  
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints :  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy ~~with~~ constant guest !  
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace  
Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,  
While life or breath remains ;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell :  
There God my Saviour reigns.

## P S A L M CXXII. Proper Tune.

*Going to Church.*

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,  
To hear the people cry,  
*Come let us seek our God to day ;*  
Yes, with a chearful zeal,  
We haste to *Zion's* hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,  
 And walls of strength embrace thee round ;  
 In thee our tribes appear,  
 To pray and praise and hear  
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There *David's* greater Son  
 Has fix'd his royal throne,  
 He sits for grace and judgment there ;  
 He bids the saint be glad,  
 He makes the sinner sad,  
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,  
 And joy within thee wait  
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest !  
 The man that seeks thy peace,  
 And wishes thine increase,  
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows  
*Peace to this sacred house !*  
 For there my friends and kindred dwell ;  
 And since my glorious God  
 Makes thee his blest abode,  
 My soul shall ever love thee well !

[Repeat the 4th stanza to compleat the tune.]

P S A L M CXXIII.

*Pleading with submission.*

1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign  
 Enthron'd above the skies,  
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
 To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,  
 And fear the angry stroke !  
 Or maids before their mistress stand,  
 And wait a peaceful look :

- 3 So for our sins we justly feel  
Thy discipline, O God ;  
Yet wait the gracious moment still,  
'Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,  
Our daily groans deride,  
And thy delays of mercy give  
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope  
In thy compassion lies ;  
This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
That God will not despise.

## P S A L M CXXIV.

*A song for the 5th of November.*

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may *Isr'el* say,  
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,  
When men, to make our lives a prey,  
Rose like the swelling of the tide :
- 2 The swelling tide had stop't our breath,  
So fiercely did the waters roll,  
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;  
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;  
So flies the bird with chearful wing,  
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,  
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,  
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
Who form'd the earth and built the skies :  
He that upholds that wond'rous frame,  
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

## P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre.

*The saints trial and safety.*

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountain tops,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old *Salem's* happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love,  
That ev'ry saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge  
To drive them near to God,  
Divine compassion does allay  
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of paradise,  
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those wicked ways  
That the old serpent drew,  
The wrath that drove him first to hell  
Shall smite his foll'wers too.

## P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

*The saints trial and safety ; or, Moderated affections.*

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they  
That rest their souls on God ;  
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard,  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.

- 3 What tho' the father's rod  
Drop a chastising stroke,  
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,  
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those  
Whose faith and pious fear,  
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
Too long oppress the faint ;  
The God of *Isr'el* will support ;  
His children lest they faint ;
- 6 But if our slavish fear,  
Will chuse the road to hell,  
We must expect our portion there,  
Where bolder sinners dwell.

## P S A L M CXXVI. Long Metre.

*Surprising Deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,  
Joy was our song, and grace our theme,  
The grace beyond our hopes so great,  
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand and pays  
Unwilling honours to thy name ;  
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
With chearful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,  
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so :  
With God we left our flowing tears,  
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in this furrow'd field,  
His scatter'd feed with gladness leaves,  
Will shout to see the harvest yield  
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

P S A L M CXXVI. Common Metre.

*The joy of a remarkable conversion ; or, Melancholy removed.*

1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name  
 And chang'd my mournful state,  
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
 The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
 And did thy hand confess :  
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
 And sung surprising grace.

3 *Great is the work*, my neighbours cry'd,  
 And own'd thy pow'r divine ;  
*Great is the work*, my heart reply'd,  
*And be the glory thine.*

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
 Can give us day for night,  
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
 To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
 'Till the fair harvest come ;  
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
 And shout the blessings home.  
 Tho' seed lie buried long in dust,  
 It shan't deceive their hope !  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
 For grace insures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

*The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.*

1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost  
 And pains to build the house are lost,  
 If God the city will not keep,  
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.

- 2 What if you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil when day is done,  
Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread.
- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest ;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God our sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends !  
How sweet our daily comforts prove  
When they are season'd with his love !

P S A L M CXXVII. Common Metre.  
*God All in All.*

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,  
The builders work in vain ;  
And towns without his wakeful eye  
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,  
Your painful work renew,  
And till the stars ascend the skies,  
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;  
In vain, 'till God has blest ;  
But if his smiles attend your care,  
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends  
shall real blessings prove,  
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,  
If sent with out his love.

P S A L M CXXVIII.  
*Family blessings.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY man whose soul is fill'd  
With zeal and rev'rent awe !

His lips to God their honours yield,  
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand  
And ever guard thy head,  
Shall on the labours of thy hand  
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;  
Thy children round thy board,  
Each like a plant of honour shine,  
And learn to fear the Lord.

The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil  
For months and years to come ;  
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes  
Shall see his house increase,  
Shall see the sinking church arise,  
Then leave the world in peace.

# P S A L M CXXIX.

*Persecutors punished.*

1 **U**P from my youth, may *Ifr'el* say,  
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;  
My griefs were constant as the day,  
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage  
Of all the sons of strife ;  
Oft they assail'd my riper age,  
But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plow had torn my flesh,  
With furrows long and deep,  
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,  
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,  
And with impartial eye,

Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,  
And let his arrows fly.

How was their insolence surpris'd  
To hear his thunders roll !  
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd  
With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,  
Be blasted from the sky ;  
Their glory fades, their courage faints,  
And all their projects die.

[7 What tho' they flourish tall and fair,  
They have no root beneath ;  
Their growth shall perish in despair,  
And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn that on the house-top stands,  
No hope of harvest gives ;  
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,  
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

9 It springs and withers on the place ;  
No traveller bestows  
A word of blessing on the grass,  
Nor minds it as he goes.]

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

*Pardoning grace.*

1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree ;

Thy Son has bought them with his blood  
To draw us near to thee.

[4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
with strong desires I wait ;  
My soul invited by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.]

[5 Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes ;

So waits my soul to see thy grace,  
And more intent than they,  
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let *Isr'el* trust,  
Let *Isr'el* seek his face,  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne  
For sinners long enslav'd ;  
The great Redeemer is his Son ;  
And *Isr'el* shall be sav'd.

P S A L M CXXX. Long Metre.

*Pardoning grace.*

**F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,  
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,  
Free to dispense thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking day,

So waits my soul before thy gate :  
When will my God his face display ?

- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain :  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Thro' the redemption of his Son ;  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

## P S A L M CXXXI.

*Humility and submission.*

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?  
Search gracious God and see ;  
Or do I act a haughty part ?  
Lord I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild,  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward ;  
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5. 13, 18. Long Metre.  
*At the settlement of a church ; or, The ordination  
of a minister.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find  
An habitation for our God,  
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,  
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood !
- 2 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill  
Of *Zion* for his ancient rest ;  
And *Zion* is his dwelling still,  
His church is with his presence best.

- 3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;  
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,  
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with living bread ;  
Sinners that wait before my door  
With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,  
My priests, my ministers shall shine ;  
Not *Aaron* in his costly dress,  
Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 The saints, unable to contain  
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;  
The Son of *David* here shall reign,  
And *Zion* triumph in her King.
- [7 *Jesus* shall see a num'rous seed  
Born here t' uphold his glorious name :  
His crown shall flourish on his head,  
While all his foes are cloath'd with shame.]

P S A L M CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.

Common Metre.

*A church established.*

- [1 **N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes  
Good *David* would afford,  
'Till he had found below the skies  
A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,  
His ark was settled there ;  
To *Zion* the whole nation came,  
To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,  
Nor wander far abroad ;  
Where-e'er thy saints assemble now,  
There is a house for God.]

## P A U S E.

- 4 Arise, O King of Grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest,  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,  
Let God's anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his courts maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.
- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.  
*Brotherly love.*

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight  
Are brethren that agree,  
Brethren, whose chearful hearts unite  
In bonds of piety !
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,  
Descend to ev'ry soul,  
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,  
Shade and bedews the whole :
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet  
On *Aaron's* rev'rend head,  
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.

- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew,  
That fall on *Zion's* hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shews,  
And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Communion of saints ; or, Love and worship in a family.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
Thro' all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet,  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows  
Make their communion sweet.

- 3 Thus when on *Aaron's* head  
They pour'd the rich perfume,  
The oil through all his raiment spread,  
And pleasure fill'd the room.

- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills  
The saints are blest above,  
Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

P S A L M CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm:  
*The blessings of friendship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
Kind'red and friends agree,  
Each in their proper station move,  
And each fulfil their part  
With sympathizing heart,  
In all the cares of life and love !

- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed  
On *Aaron's* sacred head,

Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;  
 The oil thro' 'll the room,  
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,  
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet:  
 3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain  
 That water all the plain,  
 Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;  
 Such streams of pleasure roll  
 Through ev'ry friendly soul,  
 Where love like heav'nly dew distills.  
 [*Repeat the first stanza to compleat the tune.*]

## P S A L M CXXXIV.

*Daily and nightly devotion.*

- 1 YE that obey th' immortal King;  
 Attend his holy place,  
 Bow to the glories of his pow'r,  
 And bless his wond'rous grace.
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,  
 And send your souls on high ;  
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night,  
 Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of *Zion* cheers our hearts  
 With rays of quick'ning grace ;  
 The God that spread the heav'ns abroad,  
 And rules the swelling seas.

## P S A L M CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—24.

*First Part. Long Metre.*

*The church is God's house and care.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; exalt his name,  
 While in his holy courts ye wait,  
 Ye saints, that to his house belong,  
 Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good ;  
 To praise his name is sweet employ ;

*Isr'el* he chose of old, and still

His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints :  
He treats his servants as his friends ;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares  
His name, and breaks th' oppressors rod :  
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
And will be known to *Almighty* God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,  
People and priests exalt his name :  
Amongst his saints he ever dwells,  
His church is his *Jerusalem*.

P S A L M CXXXV. 5—12. *Second Part.*

*The works of creation, providence, redemption of  
Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,  
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne ;  
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,  
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,  
He pours the rain, he brings the wind  
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
O *Egypt*, thro' thy stubborn land ;  
When all thy first born, beasts and men,  
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,  
He slew, and their whole country gave  
To *Isr'el*, whom his hand redeem'd,  
No more to be proud *Pharaoh's* slave !

- 5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,  
That saves us from the hosts of hell ;  
And heav'n he gives us to possess,  
Whence those apostate angels fell.

## P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

*Praise due to God, not to idols.*

- 1 **A** Wake, ye saints, to praise your King.  
Your sweetest passions raise,  
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown  
Are his divine employ :  
But still his saints are near his throne,  
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth and sea, confess his hand ;  
He bids the vapours rise ;  
Light'ning and storm at his command  
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd  
Is found with him alone ;  
But *heathen* gods should ne'er be nam'd  
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust  
Can give them show'rs of rain ;  
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,  
And pray to gold in vain.
- [6 Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,  
Such as their makers gave :  
Their feet was ne'er design'd to walk ;  
Nor hands have pow'r to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when mortals pray ;  
Mortals, that wait for their relief,  
Are blind and deaf as they.]

3 O Britain, know thy living God,  
 Serve him with faith and fear ;  
 He makes thy churches his abode,  
 And claims thine honours there.

## P S A L M CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption  
 of Israel, and salvation of his people.

1 GIVE thanks to God the sov'reign Lord,  
 His mercies still endure,  
 And be the King of kings ador'd :  
 His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !  
 How mighty is his hand !  
 Heav'n, earth, and sea he fram'd alone  
 How wide is his command !

3 The sun supplies the day with light  
 How bright his counsels shine !  
 The moon and stars adorn the night :  
 His works are all divine.

[4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead,  
 How dreadful is his rod !  
 And thence with joy his people led :  
 How gracious is our God !

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;  
 His arm is great in might,  
 And gave the tribes a passage thro' ;  
 His grace and pow'r unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ;  
 How glorious are his ways !  
 And brought his saints thro' desert ground :  
 Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;  
 Victorious is his sword ;  
 While Isr'el took the promis'd land :  
 And faithful is his word.]

- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin ;  
*He felt his pity move ;*  
 How sad the state the world was in !  
*How boundless was his love !*
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe ;  
*His goodness never fails !*  
 From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ;  
*And still his grace prevails.*
- 10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King ;  
*His mercies still endure,*  
 Let the whole earth his praises sing :  
*His truth is ever sure.*

## P S A L M CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord,  
 The sov'reign King of kings,  
 And be his grace ador'd.  
*His pow'r and grace*  
*Are still the same ;*  
*And let his name*  
*Have endless praise.*
- 2 How mighty is his hand ;  
 What wonders hath he done ?  
 He form'd the earth and seas,  
 And spread the heav'ns alone.  
*Thy mercy, Lord,*  
*Shall still endure ;*  
*And ever sure*  
*Abides thy word.*
- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun  
 To crown the day with light ;  
 The moon and twinkling stars,  
 To chear the darksome night.  
*His pow'r and grace*  
*Are still the same ;*

*And let his name  
Have endless praise.*

- [4 He smote the first born sons,  
The flow'r of Egypt, dead ;  
And thence his chosen tribes  
With joy and glory led.

*Thy mercy Lord,  
Shall still endure ;*

*And ever sure  
Abides thy word.*

- 5 His pow'r and lifted rod  
Cleft the red-sea in two ;  
And for his people made  
A wond'rous passage through.

*His pow'r and grace  
Are still the same ;*

*And let his name  
Have endless praise.*

- 6 But cruel Pharaoh there  
With all his host he drown'd ;  
And brought his Isr'el safe  
Thro' a long desert ground.

*Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;*

*And ever sure  
Abides thy word.*

P A U S E.

- 7 The King of Canaan fell  
Beneath his dreadful hand ;  
While his own servants took  
Possession of their land.

*His pow'r and grace  
Are still the same ;*

*And let his name  
Have endless praise.]*

- 8 He saw the nations lie  
All perishing in sin,  
And pity'd the sad state  
The ruin'd world was in.  
*Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.*
- 9 He sent his only Son  
To save us from our woe,  
From satan, sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful foe.  
*His pow'r and grace  
Are still the same ;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.*
- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heav'nly King ;  
And let the spacious earth  
His works and glories sing.  
*Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure ;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.*

PSALM CXXXVI. *Abridged.* Long Metre.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord immortal praise !  
Mercy and truth are all his ways !  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.*
- 2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown,  
*His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.*
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high ;

*Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
He bids the moon direct the night ;  
*His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.*

- 5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,  
And brought them to the promis'd land !  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

He saw the *Gentiles* dead in sin,  
And felt his pity work within :  
*His mercies ever shall endure,  
When death and sin shall reign no more.*

- 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt and darkness, and the grave ;  
*Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
And lead us to his heav'nly seat :  
*His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.*

P S A L M CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

*Restoring and preserving grace.*

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

- [2 Angels that make thy church their care  
Shall witness my devotions there,  
While holy zeal directs my eyes  
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

- 3 I'll sing thy truth, and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;

Not all the works and names below  
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

- 4 To God I cry'd when troubles 'rose ;  
He heard me and subdu'd my foes ;  
He did my rising fears controul,  
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,  
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great,  
But from his throne descends to see  
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand :  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins :  
The work that wisdom undertakes  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.*

Long Metre.

*The all-seeing God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me  
through :  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
E'er from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
 What large extent! what lofty height!  
 My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,  
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!  
 Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 Consent to sin, for God is there.*

## P A U S E I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
 To quit thy service and thy love;  
 Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
 Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;  
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
 And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray  
 I fly beyond the *Western* sea,  
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
 Would kindle darkness into day.

10 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!  
 Nor let my weaker passions dare  
 Consent to sin, for God is there.*

## P A U S E II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,  
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes;  
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
 Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon:

12 Midnight and noon, in this agree,  
Great God they're both alike to thee,  
Nor death can hide what God will spy,  
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Second Part.*

## Long Metre.

*The wonderful formation of man.*

1 **T** WAS from thy hand, my God I came,  
A work of such a curious frame ;  
In me thy fearful wonders shine,  
And each proclaim thy will divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,  
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,  
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,  
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)  
Was copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last to shew my Maker's name,  
God stamp'd his image on my frame,  
And in some unknown moment join'd  
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,  
And all the passions of the man :  
Great God, our infant nature pays  
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

## P A U S E.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age  
I've acted on life's busy stage,

Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,  
And count each sand that makes the shore,  
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace  
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,  
With these I give my eyes to rest :  
And at my waking hour I find  
God and his love possess my mind.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Third Part.*

Long Metre.

*Sincerity profess'd, and grace tried ; or, The heart-  
searching God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel  
When impious men transgress thy will !  
I mourn to hear their lips profane,  
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate  
The sons of malice and deceit ?  
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,  
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought ;  
Tho' my own heart accuse me not  
Of walking in a false disguise,  
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?  
Do I indulge some unknown sin ?  
O turn my feet when-e'er I stray,  
And lead me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

*God is every where.*

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge deep and high,  
Where can a creature hide!  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

## P A U S E.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown;  
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath,  
To 'scape the wrath divine,  
Thy voice would break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,  
I fly beyond the *West*,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,  
Would turn the shades to light.

- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,  
Are both alike to thee :  
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r  
From which I cannot flee.

P S A L M CXXIX. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

*The wisdom of God in the formation of man.*

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
And all my frame survey,  
Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand  
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess  
Where unborn nature grew ;  
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd  
The growth of ev'ry part :  
'Till the whole scheme thy tho'ts had laid  
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;  
But I review my self and find  
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;  
Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace.

P S A L M CXXIX. 14, 17, 18.

*Third Part.* Common Metre.

*The mercies of God innumerable.*

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er  
They strike me with surprise ;  
Not all the sands that spread the shore  
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
The product of thy skill,  
And hourly blessings from thy hands  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;  
How kind, how dear to me !  
O may the hour that ends my sleep  
Still find my thoughts with thee.

P S A L M CXLI. 2, 3, 4, 5.

*Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.*

A morning or evening Psalm.

1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,  
Like morning incense in thine house,  
And let my nightly worship rise  
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them Lord,  
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;  
Nor let my feet incline to tread  
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,  
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,  
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;  
And by my warm petitions prove  
How much I prize their faithful love.

P S A L M CXLII.

*God is the hope of the helpless.*

1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
From God I sought relief ;  
In long complaints before his throne,  
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,  
My heart began to break ;

My God, who all my burdens knows,  
He knows the way I take.

3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone,  
While friends and strangers pass me by  
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And call'd thy mercy near,  
"Thou art my Portion when I die,  
"Be thou my Refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes who vex me, know  
I've an almighty friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name;  
And holy men shall join with me  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

## P S A L M CXLIII.

*Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.*

1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,  
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,  
And cry for succour from thy throne,  
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass;  
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:  
Should justice call us to thy bar,  
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
The mighty woes that burden me;  
Down to the dust my life is brought,  
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,  
My heart is desolate within:

My thoughts in musing silence trace  
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope  
To bear my sinking spirits up ;  
I stretch my hands to God again,  
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;  
When will thy smiling face return ?  
Shall all my joys on earth remove,  
And God forever hide his love ?

7 My God, thy long delay to save,  
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave ;  
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ;  
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,  
Distressing pains, distressing fears ;  
O might I hear thy morning voice,  
How would my wearied pow'rs rejoice !

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,  
And lift my heavy soul on high :  
For thee sit waiting all the day,  
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show,  
Which is the path my feet should go ;  
If snares and foes beset the road,  
I fly to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,  
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill ;  
Let the good spirit of thy love  
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,  
The tempter then shall rage in vain :  
And flesh, that was my foe before,  
Shall never vex my spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV. 1, 2. *First Part.*

*Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.*

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield ;  
He sends his spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me thro' the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine  
Doth my weak courage raise ;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

P S A L M CXLIV. 3, 4, 5, 6. *Second Part.*

*The vanity of man, and condescension of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,  
Born of the earth at first ?  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hasting to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,  
Or any of his race,  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace ?
- 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,  
Who shakes the world above,  
And mountains tremble at his frown,  
How wond'rous is his love !

P S A L M CXLIV. 12—15. *Third Part.*

*Grace above riches ; or, The happy nation.*

- 1 **H**APPY the city where their sons  
Like pillars round a palace set,  
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,  
Give strength and beauty to the State.

- 2 Happy the country where the sheep,  
Cattle and corn, have large increase ;  
Where men securely work or sleep,  
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,  
But more divinely blest are those  
On whom the all-sufficient God  
Himself with all his grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

*The greatness of God.*

- M**Y God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days :  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear,  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And ev'ry setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;  
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;  
Thy mercy swift ; thine anger flow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine ;  
And speak thy Majesty divine ;  
Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise :  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M CXLV. 1--7. 11--13. *First Part.*

*The greatness of God.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bleſs thy name,  
My King, my God of love ;  
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,  
And let his praiſe be great ;  
I'll ſing the honours of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tongue,  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my ſacred ſong  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Faſhers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways ;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations ſound thy praiſe.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
Shall thro' the world be known ;  
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,  
With public ſplendor ſhown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love ;  
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands  
'Tho' rocks and hills remove.

P S A L M CXLV. *Second Part. ver. 7. &c.*

*The Goodneſs of God.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King ;  
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs  
In ſongs of glory ſing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodneſs to the ſkies ;

Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food,  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the soul he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;  
But saints that taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

P S A L M CXLV. 14, 17. *Third Part.*

*Mercy to sufferers ; or, God bearing prayer.*

1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
And guides our giddy youth :  
Holy and just are all thy ways,  
And all thy words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry,  
And their best wishes to fulfil  
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere ;

He saves the souls, whose humble love  
Is join'd with holy fear.

[6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,  
And pierce their hearts with pain ;  
But none that serve the Lord shall say,  
“ They fought his aid in vain.”]

[7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad ;  
Let all the sons of *Adam* raise  
The honours of their God.]

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

*Praise to God for his goodness and truth.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; my heart shall join  
In works so pleasant, so divine ;  
Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,  
While immortality endures :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life and thought and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On *I/r'el's* God ; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth forever stands secure :  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind :

He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

*Praise to God for his goodness and truth.*

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath :  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
While life and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;  
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On *Isr'el's* God ; he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train ;  
His truth forever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints ; he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;

Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
 In this exalted work engage :  
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death  
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life and thought and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII. *First Part.*

*The divine nature, providence and grace.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise  
 Our hearts and voices in his praise ;  
 His nature and his works invite  
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,  
 And gathers nations to his name :  
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
 And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars those heav'nly flames ;  
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :  
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;  
 And all his glories infinite :  
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

P A U S E.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his clouds all round the sky ;  
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn :

The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, the warlike horse ?  
The nimble wit, the active limb,  
All are too mean delights for him.

- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight ;  
He views his children with delight ;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear ;  
And looks and loves his image there.

P S A L M CXLVII. *Second Part.*

*Summer and Winter.*

*A Song for Great-Britain.*

- 1 **O** BRITAIN praise thy mighty God,  
And make his honours known abroad ;  
He bids the ocean round thee flow ;  
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest ;  
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest :  
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,  
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,  
Thine early and thy latter rains ;  
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he srews the ground ;  
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound ;  
Where is the man so vainly bold  
That dares defy his dreadful cold ?
- 5 He bids the *Southern* breezes blow ;  
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :  
But he hath nobler works and ways  
To call the *Britons* to his praise.

- 6 To all the isle his laws are shown :  
 His gospel thro' the nation known :  
 He hath not thus reveal'd his word  
 To ev'ry land : praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. 7—9. 13—18.

Common Metre.

*The seasons of the year.*

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud  
 Address the Lord on high ;  
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessing down  
 To cheer the plains below ;  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
 And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
 He hears the ravens cry ;  
 But man, who tastes the finest wheat,  
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face  
 Of the declining year ;  
 He bids the sun cut short his race,  
 And wint'ry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
 Descend and cloath the ground :  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high,  
 He pours the rattling hail,  
 The wretch who dares this God defy,  
 Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
 The fields no longer mourn ;  
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And bids the spring return.

- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey his mighty word :  
 With songs of honours sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Metro.  
*Praise to God from all creatures.*

- 1 **Y**E tribes of *Adam* join  
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
 And offer notes divine  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 Ye holy throng  
 Of angels bright,  
 In worlds of light  
 Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,  
 And moon that rules the night,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise,  
 With stars of twinkling light.  
 His pow'r declare,  
 Ye floods on high,  
 And clouds that fly  
 In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above  
 In glorious order stand,  
 Or in swift courses move  
 By his supreme command :  
 He spake the word,  
 And all their frame  
 From nothing came,  
 To praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels  
 In unknown ages past,  
 And each his word fulfils  
 While time and nature last.  
 In diff'rent ways  
 His works proclaim  
 His wond'rous name,  
 And speak his praise.

## P A U S E.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,  
And monsters of the deep,  
The fish that cleave the seas,  
Or in their bosom sleep.

From sea and shore  
Their tribute pay,  
And still display  
Their Maker's pow'r.

- 6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,  
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,  
And stormy winds that blow  
To execute his word :

When light'nings shine,  
Or thunders roar,  
Let earth adore  
His hand divine.

- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,  
With lofty cedars there,  
And trees of humbler size,  
That fruit in plenty bear.

Beasts wild and tame,  
Birds, flies, and worms,  
In various forms  
Exalt his name.

- 8 Ye kings and judges fear  
The Lord the sov'reign King ;  
And while you rule us here,  
His heav'nly honours sing :

Nor let the dream  
Of pow'r and state  
Make you forget  
His pow'r supreme.

- 9 Virgins and youth engage  
To sound his praise divine,  
While infancy and age  
Their feeble voices join :

Wide as he reigns  
His name be sung  
By ev'ry tongue  
In endless strains:

- 10 Let all the nations fear  
The God that rules above ;  
He brings his people near,  
And makes them taste his love :  
While earth and sky  
Attempt his praise,  
His saints shall raise  
His honours high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Paraphrased.

Long Metre.

*Universal praise to God.*

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord  
From distant worlds where creatures  
Let heav'n begin the solemn word, [dwell ;  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. *This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th, or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, viz.*

Each of his works his name displays,  
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.*

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !  
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;  
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss :  
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

- 4 Awake ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;  
And the sweet whisper of his name  
Fill ev'ry gentle breeze of air.
- 5 Let cloud , and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire ;  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea,  
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill,  
Vallies lie low before his eye ;  
And let his praise from ev'ry hill  
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,  
Bend your high branches, and adore ;  
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains ;  
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,  
Nature demands a song from you :  
While the dumb fish that cuds the stream  
Leap up and mete his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings ?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains, and lofty kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies  
Make the Creator's name be known ;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word,  
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !  
But saints who best have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry cord :

From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.

*Universal praise.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join  
To praise the eternal God ;  
Ye heav'nly hosts the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,  
And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,  
Or fall in show'rs or snow,  
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,  
His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above  
His honours be exprest ;  
But saints that taste his saving love  
Should sing his praises best.

P A U S E I.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know  
They owe their Maker praise ;  
Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below,  
And monsters of the seas.

- 8 From mountains near the sky  
 Let his high praise resound,  
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,  
 And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,  
 And tamer beasts that graze,  
 Ye live upon his daily food,  
 And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
 On high his praises bear ;  
 Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing  
 Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye creeping ants and worms,  
 His various wisdom show,  
 And flies in all your shining swarms,  
 Praise him that dress you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race,  
 His honors be exprest ;  
 But saints that know his heav'nly grace,  
 Should learn to praise him best.

## P A U S E II.

- 13 Monarchs of wide command,  
 Praise ye th' eternal King ;  
 Judges adore that sov'reign hand,  
 Whence all your honors spring.
- 14 Let vig'rous youth engage  
 To sound his praises high ;  
 While growing babes and with'ring age  
 Their feebler voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown  
 His wond'rous fame to raise ;  
 God is the Lord ; his name alone  
 Deserves our endless praise.

- 16 Let nature join with art,  
 And all pronounce him blest,  
 But saints that dwell so near his heart  
 Should sing his praises best.

## P S A L M CXLIX.

*Praise God all his saints ; or, The saints judging  
 the world.*

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,  
 And let your songs be new ;  
 Amidst the world with cheerful voice  
 His later wonders shew.
- 2 The *Jews*, the people of his grace,  
 Shall their Redeemer sing ;  
 And *Gentile* nations join the praise,  
 While *Zion* owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
 Whom sinners treat with scorn :  
 The meek that lie despis'd in dust  
 Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,  
 Ev'n on a dying bed ;  
 And like the souls in glory sing,  
 For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,  
 Their hands shall wield the sword :  
 And vengeance shall attend their songs,  
 The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,  
 And bids the world appear,  
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends  
 Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod  
 Nations that dar'd rebel :  
 And join the sentence of their God,  
 On tyrants doom'd to hell.

- 8 The royal sinners bound in chains  
 New triumphs shall afford ;  
 Such honour for the saints remains :  
 Praise ye and love the Lord.

## P S A L M CL. 1, 2, 6.

*A song of praise.*

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 His grace he there reveals ;  
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,  
 While you rehearse his deeds ;  
 But the great work of saving love  
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,  
 Proclaim your Maker blest ;  
 Yet when my voice expires in death,  
 My soul shall praise him best.

*The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.*

## Long Metre.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son, .  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n  
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

## Common Metre.

**L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre, *where the tune includes two stanza's.*

## I.

**T**HE God of mercy be ador'd  
Who calls our souls from death,  
Who saves by his redeeming word,  
And ~~new~~-creating breath.

## II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
The One in Three, and Three in One,  
Let saints and angels join.

## Short Metre.

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

*As the 113th psalm.*

**N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
The Father, Son and Spirit, be  
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,  
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

*As the 148th psalm.*

**T**O God the Father's throne  
Perpetual honours raise;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise:  
With all our pow'rs,  
Eternal King,  
Thy name we sing,  
While faith adores.

T H E E N D.

Wagner

△

42

०५७१०५

ALB

*Handwritten scribbles and lines, possibly representing a signature or decorative flourish.*

40 11

A large, abstract, dark brown ink drawing on aged paper. The drawing consists of thick, expressive, swirling lines that form a complex, organic shape. It appears to be a stylized face or a figure, with a prominent nose and a wide, open mouth. The lines are dark and somewhat blurred, suggesting a quick, gestural drawing. The background is a light, aged paper color.

1844  
M.H.



